

February
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La Paree STORIES

**Americans
in Paris**

by
**Arthur
Wallace**





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La Paree

STORIES

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Tete-a-tete

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of your magazines for a considerable while, and I am pleased to say that I have enjoyed them very much, wishing that they could be published more often. I am a lonely British soldier in India and I wonder if all readers of the fair sex would correspond with me. Description: height 5 ft. 7 in., and weigh 140 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes and fond of all sports, especially big game hunting, which is specialized in India by British soldiers.

I have several fine specimens to my credit, panther, bear and one tiger. I am also a despatch rider and have served on the northwest frontier. I am willing to exchange photos and curios of which I have several interesting ones.

Yours sincerely,

Alfred Reginald Griffiths.

Sigmn. U. H. Q., 3rd Indian Div. Signals,
Royal Signals, Meerut U. P., India.

Dear Editor:

I am a constant reader of all five of your publications and I do not know which one is the best. They are all alike good. The same goes for the stories. Though there is a difference some are exceptionally fine and to pick out the best one is almost impossible. Permit me to mention some that appeared in the November issues which I think stand higher than any of the others. "Lessons in Technique," "The Bridal Suite," "The Furnace Man," "Christened Don Juan," "Double Deception," "New Deal In Diamonds," "Here's Looking at You," "Poor Fish," and others.

I suggest that your correspondents, especially those of the fair sex, mention in their letters what stories they like best. That would make their letters still more interesting.

I wonder how Sally Miller, Rene A. and others liked the above-named stories? I would suggest to Miss Ruth Parker to read "Pep" besides your other magazines. It will do her good.

Sincerely,

W. S.

P. S.—Why not enlarge the "Tete-a-tete" club section to four pages?

Dear Editor:

I wish to say that I have made friends with a distant Pen Pal and I would like to have more of your young women readers around 18 to 25 to write to me.

Being on and in the "Science Research Club," I do not get a chance to see many young women as we are out in the open digging up Indian relics.

There are lots of evenings that the fellows are gone and I have nothing to do but read, so you see your magazines come in just right till bunking time.

Come on girls, write to me, I will reply as soon as I can if I am in the open, and if at home I will reply the same day received.

Also if any nice young French girls see this I would like to hear from them.

Yours very truly,

L. E. Mead (Lee) Personal.
227 Greenwood Ave., Waukesha, Wisc.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading La Paree magazine. Give us more stories like Avalanche. Have already read two chapters, they were very good. I also would like to hear from some of the feminine readers. I am a young man, 20 years old, brown eyes, brown hair, 5 feet 6 inches tall, considered fairly good looking, and single. Please publish this in your next La Paree magazine.

Yours sincerely,

Ray Hanen.
1201 Water St., Webster City, Iowa.

(Please turn to page 63)

Americans in Paris

BY

ARTHUR WALLACE



*As she heard him
stir, she turned.*

JAMES BARTON, whose smartly engraved business card proclaimed to all and sundry the position of eminence ten years of uninterrupted labor in the world of finance had gained for him, leaned far over the brass rail of the ship's deck, and idly watched the blue-green water being churned to foam as the huge ocean liner plowed through it.

Strangely enough, water and ships were furthest from his mind, but rather, he pictured the exotic release from facts and figures this, his only real vacation in ten years, was to give him. Paris, with all its glamour and passionate abandon appeared to him now as the mecca of all that was worth while. For years he had been planning this trip, and now that it had become a reality, he looked forward to it with child-like fervor.

Tall and well-knit (thanks to the club and its gymnasium), he bore his forty-two years well, with only a slight, gray tinge at the temples and that, more distinguishing than damning. Handsome, in a quietly unobtrusive

way, he had been the apple of many a debutante's eye and the hope of many a failing family fortune. There were also countless matrons more than willing to exchange listing in society's blue book, for the pleasure he, as well as his income, would bring. But, to everyone's surprise, except his own, the Barton name consistently refused to be prefixed

with a Mrs., and so he was bringing to Paris, if nothing else, a virgin heart and a long suppressed desire for thrills.

The choice of Paris as a vacation ground had been no idle one. He remembered vividly the five days spent in the French capital during the hysteria of the post-war period. Those five days had been the glowing embers of pleasurable recollection through the years, now to be fanned into a flame of fulfillment. For three months wine, women and song would be his triumvirate of happiness and then back to the cog wheels of industry, as he hoped, satiated.

The deck steward interrupted his reverie. "Four hours to Havre, sir," he said. "Shall I arrange to have your baggage cared for?"

Barton looked at him excitedly. "Four hours? Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, sir. We dock at 6.10 and it is now after two."

Barton smiled apologetically.

"Yes, surely, why didn't I think of it? Well then, have my baggage taken care of and also send a radiogram for me." The steward produced paper and pencil.

"To Paul Tremaine, 16 Rue de la St. Marie, Paris. We dock at 6.10. I will take the boat-train immediately. Do not fail to meet me. Sign it Jim."

The steward touched his cap. "Will that be all, sir?"

"Yes, that will be all, except—er steward. Has Paris changed much since the war?"

"I'm sorry, sir," the man replied. "But I've never been to Paris."

Barton looked at him quizzically. "Never been to Paris?" he blurted. "Why, my Lord man, how long have you been with the line?"

The steward flushed. "Four years, sir."

"Four years and you've never taken the opportunity to spend any time in Paris after being so close to it each trip. How come?"

"Well, you see, sir," the man haltingly replied, "I never had any desire to see Paris."

Barton turned aside. "I see; that'll be all, thanks."

Once more he leaned over the rail and watched the swirling waters flash by the ship's side.

"Good Lord," he said, half aloud, "never had any desire to see Paris! Good Lord!"

THE CLOCK in the American Bar tolled nine as Barton, internally warm by virtue of many tasty cocktails, concluded his recital to Tremaine.

"—And so you see, Paul, I'm ready and ripe for the greatest thrills of my life, and

I'm expecting you to be my guide and companion *en route*."

Tremaine smiled knowingly. "Don't worry, Jimmy," he said. "Although I've only been over here six years, I'm as French as they come and as far as native Parisians are concerned, by birth and not by adoption. Which reminds me, when you speak of me in Paris, it must always be Tremaine and not the Tilton you knew back in the States. Paris is a wonderful city," he went on, "if you know the ropes and aren't a sucker."

Barton lifted his glass. "A toast to the city of Paris!" he said.

Paul grinned. "Now, listen, Jimmy, here's the lay of the land," he said. "You'd better make my studio your headquarters, since in a hotel you may bump into someone from the States and that would be bad. I've got loads of room and on top of it all, you'll be able to survey personally some of my hand-picked models."

Barton's eyes glistened with expectation. Tremaine continued:

"If we hurry, we may make the last act of the *Folies* tonight and you can start your holiday off right. I happen to know two of the comeliest ones in the chorus, and when they're comely in a French chorus, they're comely! Let's go!"

All during the performance Barton sat as a man enchanted. As each scene, more daring than the preceding one, revealed itself to his hungry eyes, his body in turn became hot and cold and he fidgeted nervously in his seat. The costumes of chorus and principals left little, if anything, to the imagination and for an all too brief hour he feasted his vision on a galaxy of twinkling white legs, shapely thighs and firm breasts.

When the finale curtain descended to the tune of tumultuous applause and he felt himself being led back-stage by Paul, it was as though he was entering the seventh portal of a heavenly kingdom, where only angels dared tread.

Half-naked nymphs squirmed in and out between piled-up scenery. A warm, powdered thigh brushed up against his hand and a tremor shot up his spine. The air seemed to be scented with pungent perfume and he breathed deeply of the delicious nectar, too awed and bewildered to center his attention on any one of the many beauties, but rather taking in the whole scene, frantically, excited.

He remembered faintly the introduction to Paul's comely chorines and even less the hazardous cab ride to his friend's studio. But

once within the privacy of four walls he lost all his timidity and embarrassment and at once took stock of his female companion.

She was a gorgeous brunette of the Latin type, with soulfully wicked eyes and crimson cupid-bow lips. Her satin dress clung tenaciously to her well-rounded body, accentuating the curve of hip and thigh and throwing into bold relief the contours of firm, molded breasts.

For a moment she said nothing, but smilingly watched his appraisal of her charms. Mimicking the dress model, she pivoted on her toes for his approval, undulating her hips sensuously. When she had made a complete turn, she stopped, looked him full in the face, and said:

"Well, Monsieur Barton, am I O.K., with interest?"

He grinned, a bit sheepishly.

"Baby," he said fervently, "you're O.K. with interest."

In turn, she smiled. "Well, then, come to *maman*!" Unceremoniously she placed herself on his lap and with arms wound about his neck implanted a long, fervent kiss on his lips. To Barton it was like sipping so much choice honey and, when he finally sank back in the chair, exhausted, the blood in his veins tingled like effervescent wine.

By this time, Paul had prepared drinks and to the accompaniment of much merriment they drank and kissed until the deadly combination of liquor and love wove a hazy spell over them all. Now the lights had been turned low, and Barton, with Jeanne in his arms, reclined comfortably in an over-stuffed chair.

"You know," he said, his words faltering, "I like you."

The girl lifted her beautiful face and tantalizingly brushed her lips against his. Like the soft, fluttering wings of a butterfly they seemed scented with the blood of roses.

"*Oui*," she said, her voice throbbing excitedly, "and I, *mon petite*, am crazy about you!"

They qualified this mutual admiration with a fervent caress, a forerunner of many more to come. Unwise in the ways of love and little realizing that in situations of this kind silence is golden and actions speak louder and more forcibly than words, Barton attempted to create conversation with his charming partner.

"Are you a native of Paris?" he asked.

She nodded her head demonstratively. "*Oui*, I have lived here all of my twenty years. And you, you are an American by birth, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes," he said, "by birth and by everything else."

She laughed. "I do not know what you mean, but it must be funny. Americans are so funny and so rich, too, no?"

Barton smiled. "Funny and rich, eh? Well, I don't know how funny I am, but as far as the rich part of it goes I guess I can hold up my end of it."

She snuggled closer. "Have you maybe . . . one thousand American dollars?"

He burst into a loud guffaw. "One thousand, baby?" he said. "Make it one million and it'll be a little more like it!"

Her eyes widened in amazement. "One million American dollars, *cher ami*? So much money?"

"Uh-huh," he said, "all of that and maybe more if the market picks up while I'm away."

With a sigh she nestled her head against his shoulder, and as Barton became bolder in his attentions, he could feel her pliant body relax under the ministrations of his eager hands, only to stiffen in ecstasy as he drew her nearer to him. He could sense the depth of her emotions readily. From half-parted lips her warm breath came in short gasps and her face, flushed and excited, was hot against his own.

Suddenly she strained herself towards him, placing her lips full on his. In a shuddering kiss, she seemed to find the happiness she sought, for her eyes, gleaming like two live coals in the semi-darkness, seemed to say—pathetically—pleadingly: "Now—while the spell lasts—NOW!"

Tenderly he lifted her in his arms and, groping his way through the narrow hall, stumbled into the first room he encountered. He could feel his heart beating like a sledgehammer against his ribs; his lips were dry and parched and the veins on his forehead stood out like livid welts.

Placing his precious burden down, he shut the door behind him. He heard her moaning softly, and blindly in the pitch blackness of the room, came to her, crushing her soft, yielding body to him.

BARTON AWOKE to find the sun high in the heavens, the room bathed in its warm glow. He stretched languidly, his mind's eye reconstructing the manifold delights that had gone before. Never had his body ached with such exquisite pain. Smilingly he turned to greet his companion but to his surprise found she had already arisen, the faint perfume of her glorious body lingering in the coverings at his side. The room seemed so empty without

her, so barren, as once more Barton yearned to hold her in his arms, caressing at will, the delicate, burning flesh he had worshiped during the all too short hours of darkness.

Probably she was bathing, he thought as he slipped into a dressing gown and bedroom slippers, planning to surprise her in the bath and feast his eyes on all the unadorned charms that had been his, unreservedly, the night before. Silently he stole along the hall until he had reached the bathroom door. He could hear the splashing of water from within. He smiled blissfully and, turning the knob of the door, entered.

"Hey!" the occupant of the tub shouted, in a thoroughly masculine voice, "For the love of Mike, close that door! D'ye want me to freeze?"

Barton slammed the door behind him and stared at the soap-sudded figure in the tub.



"Paul! It's you!" His tone denoted surprise mingled with disappointment.

Tremaine blinked at him wonderingly. "Who'd you think it was, King Henry or the Hunchback of Notre Dame?" he spluttered.

Barton was in no humor for jocularities. His blood, boiled to passion heat during the night, had cooled only slightly, and his only desire was more of the same treatment to soothe his sensual hangover.

"Where are the girls, Paul?" he questioned.

Tremaine dabbed at his ear with a sponge. "Guess they left earlier," he mumbled. "Rehearsal or something like that, I don't know. Why?"

Barton turned to leave. "Oh . . . nothing," he said. "Hurry up and give someone else a chance at that tub." He opened the door walked out and shut it behind him. He would never forgive Jeanne for denying him this aftermath.

Later, across the breakfast table, Tremaine slyly poked fun at his love-sick friend.

"She let you sip a little honey and then flew the coop, huh?" he kidded. "My lord, man, did you expect the girl to share your couch indefinitely? After all, Jim, variety is the spice of life and certainly of love."

"Yes, I know," Barton replied, gloomily.

"But honestly, that girl was a gem. She had the most shapely . . ."

Paul laid down his brush and palette. "That'll be enough for today, Colette," he said.



Paul laughed. "They all have the most shapely this and the most beautiful that, Jimmy my boy. You haven't seen anything yet. Now listen, I'm staying in today. I've got a little work to do on my Beaux Arts picture and I've engaged a model to pose this afternoon. What are your plans?"

Barton rose from the table. "Well," he said, "I must go down to the American Express office and swap my cash for checks." He reached into an inside pocket. "I've got about two thousand dol—" Suddenly his face went blank with amazement. His hands searched out every pocket with no result.

"Paul," he screamed. "I've been robbed!" Frantically he rushed into the bedroom and on hands and knees scoured the floor. No wallet! He ripped apart the bedclothes, still pungent with scent. A wave of exotic perfume was the net result. Dazed, he stumbled into the breakfast room once more.

"The dirty—!" he said, "she robbed me!" All memories of his night of bliss vanished like so much smoke.

Tremaine gulped. "How much did you have, Jim?"

"Two thousand dollars in American money and about five hundred in francs! Why, the dirty—!"

For an hour they searched the apartment high and low but nothing came of it. Finally Barton slumped into a chair, totally disgusted.

"Well," he said, "what's to be done about it?"

Tremaine shrugged his shoulders. "There's nothing to be done about it, Jim," he said. "If we call in the police it may mean publicity of a very odious nature that in all probability will get back to the States. Can't you picture the headlines:

*James Barton, American
Financier, Robbed by
Parisian Coquette*

and then going on to tell how after a night of hilarity, spent in the studio apartment of Paul Tremaine, Mr. Barton awoke to find . . ."

Barton shuddered. "Stop it!" he pleaded, "that's out of the question. Can't we locate the girl and make her return the money?"

Tremaine shook his head. "Not a chance in the world. She'd probably raise a big howl and in the end you'd get nothing but more publicity. No, Jim," he concluded, "the best thing to do is forget all about it."

Barton nodded assent, half-heartedly. "I guess you're right, but I've got a good mind to sail for home on the next boat. At least, in America it doesn't cost \$2,500 to . . . to . . ."

Paul laughed. "I know it doesn't, but get the idea of going back out of your head. I've got a model coming up this afternoon, who'll make you forget all about Jeanne, the \$2,500 and sailing for home! Mark my words!"

IT WAS LATE in the afternoon when Barton returned to the studio after wiring to the States for more funds. His rancor had somewhat cooled and he was viewing the occurrence philosophically. After all, he reasoned, hadn't he lost ten times that amount on the Stock Exchange time and again without getting anything for it? Here at least he'd gotten something for his money. Not enough, it was true, but still—something. He walked into Paul's workroom in a much happier frame of mind than when he had left, only to stop, rooted in his tracks as a vision of feminine loveliness met his eye.

The girl, she couldn't have been more than nineteen or twenty, posed gracefully on a raised platform, her shapely hands outstretched, supple back arched in an attitude of sensuous pleading. The raven beauty of her dark hair, falling in cascades about her, contrasted vividly with the marble whiteness of her body.

She was a symphony of perfection, from the tips of her tinted toes to the crown of her head, a poem in black and white. Carefully, Barton appraised her vibrant body from slim, graceful ankles on up to sleek thighs; rounded, matured hips; javelin-pointed breasts, voluptuously full, yet firm in their curvatures, and shoulders, milky-white . . . entrancing.

She seemed oblivious to his presence and did not turn as Paul greeted him from behind an easel. How so much charm could have been allotted to one woman, Barton didn't know, but as he studied each vitally feminine attribute, he knew that as far as he was concerned, here was the perfect female. Able only to see her profile from where he stood, he could tell that her beauty of face fully matched her beauty of figure.

Paul laid down his brush and palette. "That'll be enough for today, Colette," he said. Naively the girl turned on the platform, stretching her tired muscles. Unabashed at Barton's intense scrutiny of her most secret charms, she reached behind her for her silk dress and slipping it over her head, stood before him clothed in that one garment. From the back of a chair she retrieved her stockings, gossamer wisps of silk, rolled into tiny balls. These, she drew on, lifting her legs, one at a time, and revealing wide expanses

of shapely, white thigh. Paul offered his hand and lightly she stepped from the platform.

"Colette," he said, "I want you to meet

were a deep blue, bordering on violet; her lips a crimson dash of color, sensuously full. Her figure seemed more entrancing than ever, garbed in a clinging silken frock with no



*"You know,"
he said, "I like
you."*

Monsieur Barton, my visitor to Parée."

Revealing glittering teeth in an inviting smile, she extended her hand, which he accepted tremulously. Her eyes, he could now see,

brassiere to deaden the vivaciousness of her pushing, erect breasts.

(Please turn to page 56)

"Passion Flower!"

BY

HENRI LAMOREAUX

(Conclusion)

WHEN THE SHARP clatter of a horse's hoofs on the gravel roadway leading to his bungalow came distinctly, Lieutenant Anton Moquin, true to tradition, snapped into the rôle of an officer of cavalry, even if he was clad in pajamas on his own verandah!

And, also true to tradition, the alluringly voluptuous Venita took to her heels and vanished inside the house!

Anton assumed an air of bored nonchalance, while the hoofbeats grew clearer, then, rounding a turn in the road, his visitor came into view. He chuckled with amusement. A rickety buggy, drawn by a horse that was far too spirited for the conveyance, was approaching, and seated in it was a native soldier whom Anton recognized as an orderly.

The man drew the reins taut, jumped down with alacrity, marched up the steps of the verandah, and saluted smartly. Anton returned the salute perfunctorily.

The orderly pulled an official-looking envelope out of his tunic, handed it to Anton, and saluted again. Then he wheeled around, went down the steps, climbed into the buggy and drove away.

Anton watched him until he had disappeared. Tearing open the long envelope, he scanned the communication rapidly. It was only a memorandum from the commandant-general, on a matter of routine.

He tossed the missive on the table, and, resuming his comfortable seat, took a deep draft of the drink . . . his third . . . that had hitherto been untouched, lighted a cigarette, and called:

"Venita!"

A curly-brown head was poked out of the partly open screen door, and lustrous eyes, sparkling with mischief, looked at him.

"Do not be afraid!" he said, laughing. "Come here."

She glided swiftly toward him. He caught her arm and made her sit on his lap.

"It was only an orderly with a message for me."

"I am glad . . . I thought . . ."

Anton's arm drew her closer. "Never mind what you thought! . . . It wasn't true."

Her breast, pressing against him, bulged

beyond the edge of her red *bandana*. His fingertips caressed the softly firm flesh, then he eased the garment lower until a distended nipple, protruding from a wine-tinted circle, flipped out. His avid lips enclosed it in a lingering kiss, and it tasted as sweet and warm as a purple grape that had ripened in the sunshine.

Venita gritted her teeth, hissing: "Ahhhhh! . . . *Monseigneur!*"

The entire breast that was adorned by that tasty tidbit was worthy of the continuous kiss that he bestowed upon it, traversing its bulging area until it was completely moist and tingling with the thrill of the lengthy caress, while his trembling hand unfasted the knot of the sash that secured her *bandana*. . . . The garment faded from her pulsing form and fluttered to the floor of the verandah.

"*Ma belle!*" he murmured, stroking the velvet smoothness of her bare skin. "You are enchanting!"

Venita's head was on his shoulder, her hot lips biting into the arch of his throat, working upward to his chin. . . . Then her fully-opened poppy mouth fastened itself on his lips, her arms began to twine about him in ecstatic frenzy, as she whispered:

"*Petit work and beaucoup play, mon lieutenant!*" . . . It is the code of the tropics!"

Anton sighed . . . a deep, deep, soul-stirred sigh!

IN THE ATTRACTIVELY furnished *boudoir* of another bungalow, situated on a promontory overlooking the harbor, Juliet Moquin lay languorously on a *chaise* between the open windows, through which the ocean breezes were drifting. A dainty *chemise*, excessively brief and extraordinarily sheer, enhanced the charm of her slim, blonde loveliness without in any way hiding from sight the slightest particle of beauty.

She was like a pale pink-and-white lily, lying there. . . . The pink tips of her exquisitely rounded little breasts blended entrancingly with the milk-white of her skin and the crop of silvery-golden curls resting on a cushion.

Her azure eyes, as blue as the heavenly

skies above, gazed sleepily at a wide, low-slung, silk-sheeted bed on the opposite side of the room, whereon a startlingly exotic specimen of brunette femininity was displaying her nude charms in all their glory. . . . There wasn't even a *chemise* to grace her lush contours.

As a study in black-and-red-and-chocolate, she was perfect! Her hair and eyes were as

siesta, freshly powdered as well as perfumed after a bath, when Juliet arrived, and the latter was not at all surprised to see her hostess *au naturelle*. She well knew that Madelon dispensed with clothing whenever it was possible for her to do so.

"If you have no objection, *cherie*, I shall remain *au jus*!" smiled Madelon, arranging herself in a picturesque pose among the pil-



*He caught her arm
and made her sit on
his lap.*

black as the wing of a raven, the crimson of her lips vied with the scarlet geraniums that tipped the conical points of her jutting breasts, and her skin was the tint of a freshly brewed pot of *chocolate au creme*!

She was Madelon Arrias, the wife of Colonel Christopher Arrias, post commandant. After her shopping expedition in the town, Juliet had decided to pay Madelon a visit and spend the hot afternoon in cool relaxation, fanned by the breeze from the sea.

Madelon was composing herself for a

lows on the bed. "Do I shock you?"

"*Mais non!*" laughed Juliet. "You are a living picture of coolness and comfort. . . . Where may one do as one pleases, if not in the seclusion of one's own *boudoir*?"

"Where, indeed?" murmured Madelon. "But I would be less self-conscious and more at ease if my pretty guest would see fit to follow my example."

"I am very comfortable, *merci*," replied Juliet, hastily.

"*Quelle impossible!*" Madelon insisted.

"Come, *charmante*, do not be bashful. . . . Make yourself thoroughly at home on that airy *chaise* by the windows over there."

"*Tres bien!*" thought Juliet. . . . Why should she be modest in the brazen presence of so much sophistication? . . . The *chaise* was very inviting. . . . Her dress, already dampened from the moist heat of the day, might be crushed and wrinkled if she reclined in it. . . . She was easily persuaded.

In a few moments she was exhibiting her fragile beauty as frankly, if not as lushly and voluptuously, as Madelon!

The latter touched a bell at her bedside.

The chiming echo hadn't died away before a strikingly individualistic girl glided noiselessly through the doorway and stood motionless, gazing fixedly at Madelon, who spoke rapidly in a language which Juliet didn't understand.

The girl's stature was so diminutive that she gave the appearance of a doll galvanized into life. . . . The saffron color of her skin, totally bare save for a tasseled sash that girded her tiny hips, and the almond-shaped slits of eyelids through which green orbs glistened, betokened her oriental origin. . . . A rust-red mane of hair framed the plump cheeks of her little face, its curling ends resting on her shoulders.

Budding breasts, saucily pointed with tips tinted *cerise*, arose from her otherwise flat torso as though they were painted there, and her sensitive lips silently repeated the words that Madelon was speaking, while she nodded her head understandingly.

"She is the most fascinating little creature that I've ever seen!" declared Juliet, after the girl had left the room.

"Ah, *oui, oui!*" replied Madelon. "*Ma petite* Lo-San is an exquisite lotus bud, plucked from a garden in the orient. . . . I brought her here with me from Indo-China, when the Colonel was transferred to this post five years ago. . . . She was only a slip of a girl then!" "She still is!" laughed Juliet.

"*Oui!*" smiled Madelon. "Lo-San retains her adolescent appearance, but she is really older than you yourself are, *ma chere!*"

"She must have been dipped in the fountain of eternal youth!" said Juliet. "I noticed that you spoke to her in a strange tongue. Doesn't she understand French?"

"A smattering of it only!" Madelon replied. "She prefers to get her instructions in the language of her native country, which I learned quite well when we lived in Indo-China."

"Very versatile you are!" commented

Juliet, winking a blue eye.

Lo-San had returned to the *boudoir*, with cigarettes, fruit, toasted muffins, rice cakes, and frosted glasses filled with ice and an amber liquid which was basically tea but which contained other ingredients that were potent spirits!

Serving her mistress and her guest, Lo-San flitted from the *chaise* to the bed. . . . Bending over her, offering a plate of rice cakes, Juliet breathed in the subtle sweetness of the girl's personality, carrying with it the temptation to seize and cuddle her as though she were really a little doll! . . . And, accepting a cake, Juliet felt a weird sensation as her glance encountered the hypnotic gleam of green eyes shining through almond-shaped eyelids!

She had noticed Lo-San many times, on other visits to the Arrias bungalow, but this was the first occasion on which she had felt the full force of the girl's extraordinary magnetism. . . . Possibly this was because it was the first time she had lain on the *chaise* in Madelons' *boudoir*, with the sea breeze taking full advantage of the fact that only a *sheer chemise* was between her and complete nudity!

Now, whenever Lo-San bent over the *chaise*, proffering some tasty tidbit from her service tray, it was as if a sun-lamp had directed its rays upon Juliet, bathing her in its warming glow!

Juliet ate abstractedly, and after Lo-San had departed, she drew in a cloud of cigarette smoke and closed her eyes with a sigh, letting her golden curls sink into the cushion. . . . The gentle breeze caressed her pinkly white skin and flirted with her *lingerie*, rustling her curls in delightful intimacy.

"The tropics!" she thought. "A bit of paradise on earth. . . . The very air is saturated with romance and the whisperings of exotic love. . . . The drowsy, lazy, somnolent days. . . . The gorgeous nights, with the sky a mantle of brilliant stars until the full moon peeps above the horizon. . . . It is then that the atmosphere is drenched with the perfume of flowers and the song of love is irresistible!"

Juliet sighed again.

"*Cherie!*" murmured Madelon, dreamily stirring. "Of what are you thinking so raptly?"

Juliet glanced across the room, smiling. "I was thinking that I could lie here forever!"

Madelon was reclining on her side, one hand tucked under her and clasping a full-

fleshed breast, a fingertip teasing its geranium nipple into distended crispness.

"You, too, in the languorous embrace of the tropics!" she observed. "Does your handsome husband, *Lieutenant Anton*, feel enamoured with it?"

Juliet gazed through the open windows at the ships riding at anchor in the harbor. "He is afraid of it!" she laughed.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Madelon. "Is he afraid of heaven?"

"He claims it is a drug that saps the energy and ambition of a man and makes him lazy!" replied Juliet, turning her face toward the figure on the bed. . . . Her eyes narrowed as she saw the amazing response of her friend's sensitized breast to the caressing touch of her own fingertip!

Madelon laughed loudly. "The *lieutenant* is too assiduous in his work, *ma chérie!* . . . He has not yet learned how to play!"

Juliet lit another cigarette.

"I am trying to teach him!" she smiled. "I rather suspect that he will be home early to-

day. . . . In that event, Venita has been instructed to serve his luncheon!"

"Ah! . . . Venita!" whispered Madelon.

"She was known as the *Passion Flower* in her village home!" added Juliet.

Madelon smiled cynically, staring at the ceiling. "You are not jealous?" she murmured.

"*Mais non!*" exclaimed Juliet. "Nothing matters if Anton can be persuaded to remain here and enjoy life! He is seriously considering applying for a transfer back to France, and I don't wish to leave!"

Madelon nodded. "I understand, perfectly. . . . The charming Venita should certainly be successful in imbuing the *lieutenant* with the lure of the tropics. . . . If not, bear in mind that there is always my *petite* lotus flower Lo-San, who would be only too glad to co-operate with you in the execution of your plan!"

Juliet was silent. . . . In the spiral coil of smoke from her cigarette she seemed to see mesmeric green eyes, glinting wantonly

"I'm sure *la belle Juliet* would be glad to accompany you!" added Madelon.



through eyelids that were almond slits, and buds of cerise-tipped breasts on a tiny torso, with rusty-red hair drifting down on saffron-tinted shoulders!

"She is a scientist in the realm of love, *cherie!*" Madelon continued in a throbbing voice. "Life means only love, and only love means life, to Lo-San."

"And if she should fail, too, what then?" asked Juliet.

"We shouldn't cross that bridge until we come to it!" advised the worldly-wise Madelon. . . . While she didn't say so, she was thinking that she herself would find a moonlit evening, very soon, greatly improved by a romantic tryst with the *lieutenant*!

A clock in the adjacent living room chimed the hour.

"Come, it is time to be dressing again!" Madelon slid off the bed. "There is a pleasant surprise in store for you this afternoon. I am expecting a guest in a few minutes who is very anxious to meet you!"

"Me?" queried Juliet, slipping from the *chaise* and reaching for her dress.

"*Mais oui!*" said Madelon, teasingly.

"Who can it be?" Juliet's sparkling eyes betrayed excitement.

"A certain gentleman who saw you riding yesterday, and who cannot contain himself until he is introduced!" Madelon was selecting from her wardrobe closet a tea-gown that was, in reality, a *neglige*.

"His name, *si'l vous plait?*" asked Juliet, pinning the yoke of her dress, higher at first, then lower and lower until, at the third attempt, she was satisfied that its revelation of her dainty little breasts was sufficiently intriguing.

"Captain Andre Toujon. . . . He was appointed to the Colonel's staff and arrived only two days ago. . . . Very tall, very dark, very good-looking, *ma cherie*, and you wouldn't have a chance in the world if he didn't prefer slender blondes!" Madelon was spraying perfume on the lace *corsage* of her tea-gown, beneath which her lavish breasts were discernible. "I would keep *le capitain* for my own amusement!"

"I'm sorry!" laughed Juliet.

"Tut, tut!" Madelon snapped her fingers.

"I am never lonely!"

Her boast was founded on fact. . . . The lovers of the amorous Madelon were almost as numerous as the sands on the seashore!

Juliet, standing before another mirror, had taken a small bottle of perfume from her purse, and, with the glass wand that consti-

tuted its stopper, she was adding synthetic fragrance to her natural allure.

She jabbed the wand in the curls behind each ear, drew it across her eyebrows and lips, placed a drop in the dimpled hollow of her throat, upon each pink-tipped breast. . . . The wand continued its intimate touches until Madelon murmured:

"*Le capitain* will be intoxicated!"

Juliet smiled. "Perfume is the soul of romance!"

Madelon glanced through the window, then she put an affectionate arm around Juliet's waist:

"Look, *charmante!* . . . *Le capitain* has arrived!"

AN HOUR LATER, the living room echoed with conversational pleasantries and *repartee*.

Captain Toujon had lost no time in impressing the ladies with his charming personality, and with every passing moment he became more and more infatuated with the lovely slimness of Juliet and her iridescent blonde beauty, while the object of his fascination was experiencing the thrill of a restless physical attraction!

Glasses had been filled repeatedly with the champagne that Colonel Arrias imported from France, and which Madelon freely dispensed to their guests, clandestine or otherwise!

At last, Captain Toujon remarked:

"Your garden outside is *tres merveilleuse, madame!*" He bowed to Madelon. "I saw it while riding up the road."

"Why not take a stroll, *mon capitain?*" she replied, coming to his rescue with the suggestion that he had been longing to make. . . . A walk in the garden with two ladies might be boresome, but with the one lady, it would be delightful!

"I am sure that *la belle* Juliet would be glad to accompany you!" added Madelon.

He now bowed before Juliet. "If *madame* would be so gracious. . . .!"

"*Certainement!*" she whispered, linking her arm with his.

"The summer-house by the graden wall is always cool at this hour of the afternoon," murmured Madelon, watching them as they made their exit.

She continued to watch until they reached the summer-house and went inside. . . . But they were scarcely within its romantic shelter, where Madelon herself had enjoyed many a hectic *rendezvous*, before she saw the captain's arm embrace Juliet avidly. . . . They sank down on a bench that Madelon had seen

"I was thinking that I could be here forever!" Juliet sighed.



fit to furnish with plenty of soft cushions for her own delight!

Then, with a thrill that made her own voluptuous breasts quiver in a tumult of passion, she saw Juliet's pale arms winding about the broad shoulders that almost hid her from view, her ecstatic face and parted lips upraised for the kiss of *le capitain*!

Madelon turned away from the window, sighing!

Returning to her *boudoir*, she let the tea-gown fall to the *rattan* rug and, gliding to the bed where the seductive Lo-San was arranging the pillows for her, she tossed herself down.

"Fan me, Lo-San!" she whispered. "The heat is oppressive this afternoon!"

IN THE COOL of the evening, Juliet returned to her hillside bungalow to find Anton relaxing on the verandah. After exchanging a luscious kiss, not a whit less passionate by

the fact that the kisses of *le capitain* and the alluring Venita had preceded that marital caress, Juliet hurried into her room and changed to a *negligee* that made her look like a pink-and-gold-butterfly.

Then she joined Anton on the verandah, drifting on to his knee.

"I missed you at luncheon," he said.

"Darling!" she murmured, kissing him lingeringly. "I spent the afternoon with Madelon Arrias! . . . Did Venita fix you a nice luncheon?"

"*Tres bon!*" he replied, enthusiastically.

Juliet snuggled closely to him. "It is going to be a gorgeous night of stars, followed by the full moon!" she whispered.

He kissed her eyelids. "You are fond of the tropics?"

"It is the land of love's delight, *mon cher!*" she breathed.

(Please turn to page 59)

"Art for Art's Sake!"

BY

JEAN MAXWELL

THE BOUDOIR of Heloise Pardrey, done in a combination of delicate old-rose-and-gray color tints, was the sort of enchanting nest in which one might expect to see a bird of rare plumage.

Such a bird, indeed, was Heloise herself, and if one had chanced to glimpse her sitting at her dressing table in the early evening, with the flickering light of old-fashioned candles in a silver *candelabra*, shedding a soft gleam on her pearl-white skin, one would be inclined to agree!

Her auburn hair, set by one of the most expert hairdressers in Paris into a bewildering series of rolling waves and tiny curling tendrils to form a *coiffeur extraordinaire*, was a lustrous crown adorning the classic beauty of her face.

Her pale eyes, a tri-color blend of blue and gray and green, were pools of mystery curtained by bronze eyelashes and neatly penciled brows beneath a smooth white forehead. A small, pouting mouth, so full-lipped that one might be tempted to term it sensuous, was like a blood-red wound in the pale oval of her face.

The lines of her neck and shoulders sloped downward in symmetrical perfection. The contour of her back was a bewitching swan-like curve, forming a crescent below her narrow waist and broadening out to merge with the sinuous fullness of lush hips and thighs, blending with slender limbs and ankles, meeting with dimpled knees on the way and ending with the tiniest of feet in satin pom-pom mules.

But all of these effulgent charms were mere trifles compared with the crowning glory of Heloise . . . her gorgeous bosom!

Out of the gleaming white valley of her torso sprang twin globes of blue veined flesh, poised as firmly as though they were actually carved out of the marble they resembled. . . . The magnificence of their beauty was breathtaking!

There was a jutting arrogance about them, a flaunting of their sweet loveliness, a tantalizing *insouciance*!

The faintest of blush-pink tints, blending almost imperceptibly with the white skin and blue veins, deepened into brilliant scarlet circles from which crisp rosebud nipples

emerged! . . . They were saucy nipples, impudent and inviting, resplendent and seductive, each one joining with the other in the taunting challenge:

"Here-I-am-come-kiss-me!"

The reader might wonder whether all of these charms were completely evident as Heloise sat at her dressing table!

The answer is "yes". . . . It is true that she wore a negligee, but then it is also true that she knew how to wear a negligee!

It covered everything, and yet it covered nothing! . . . It was of black lace, interspersed with insertions of silk. . . . There wasn't a bit of white skin or auburn tints not visible under its clinging sheerness!

At the opposite side of the room her husband, Alphonse, sat, smoking a cigarette and gorging his senses with her beauty. . . . He was a *connoisseur* of beautiful things. . . . His *salon* on the *Rue Royale* was crowded with various *objets d'art*, paintings, statuary, *bric-a-brac*, rugs, draperies, at prices that were amazing!

But the most prized *objet d'art* that had come into his possession was the girl who had become his treasure when he had slipped a wedding ring on her finger . . . his own Heloise!

Alphonse was not the ordinary type of art dealer, the kind of merchandiser who considers a beautiful object solely in the light of its commercial value, from the standpoint of the profit that might be made in disposing of it to a customer. . . . Alphonse was a lover of art for art's sake, and he had been known to prize certain masterpieces so very highly that, even though they were displayed in his *salon* and ostensibly for sale, he had refused to part with them at any price! . . . And, in due course, they would be transferred to his home!

Looking at Heloise that evening, absorbed with her loveliness, he murmured:

"Cherie. . . . You are so beautiful!"

Heloise smiled coquettishly. "*Merci, mon cher*, for the thousandth time! . . . You have told me that so often that I am really beginning to be convinced."

"*Mon Dieu!* It is only the simple truth."

"Aren't you afraid that I'll become terribly vain?"

*It is also true that
Heloise knew how to wear
a negligee!*



"Pretty women should be vain!" laughed Alphonse. "It is but their birthright."

Helen drew a pencil across the arc of her eyebrows. "It is for you, beloved, that I should like to remain always lovely."



Alphonse lit another cigarette. "I have an idea, *ma bebe*, to which I hope you will consent."

"What is it?" Heloise turned away from her dressing table to face her husband.

"I should like you to sit for a portrait painting!" he said.

"Why not?" she replied. "If it will please you! I shall wear an evening gown and pose *en silhouette*!"

Alphonse shook his head. "*Non!* It is my desire to have a portrait *en deshabille* . . ." He hesitated a moment. "Almost *au naturel*!"

Heloise gasped. "*Ooo—la-la!* That would be a scandal!"

"It would be glorious!" commented Alphonse. "Beauty such as yours should be preserved for posterity!"

"But you would hang it in the gallery of your salon!" she argued. "And I would be subject to the leering stares of nasty men and salacious women. . . . I would be recognized . . . someone would purchase it . . . who knows?"

Alphonse laughed indulgently. "Ah, *non, non, non!* It would never be hung in my gallery, and it would never be for sale! I want to hang it in my library here at home, just above my desk, where it will be a source of exquisite inspiration in my work."

His words gave her a thrill.

Looking at Heloise that evening, he murmured: "Cherie, you are so beautiful!"

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"You should pose as you are now, perhaps!" he continued. "Sitting at your dressing table in that wondrous, intimate *negligee* . . . the candle light illuminating your hair and gleaming on your skin . . ."

He rose and came over to her.

"Your skin . . . *mais oui* . . . such delicious color tints!" His caressing fingers pushed the *negligee* from her shoulders, and it shimmered down to her waist. "Ah, *tres magnifique!*"

He rolled his eyes ceilingward.

"*Parbleu!*" gasped Heloise. "You wish me to pose . . . so?"

"*Certainement!*" he retorted. "What a gorgeous work of art it would be!"

"*Tres risqué, chéri!*" whispered Heloise.

Alphonse's fingertips were stroking her bare shoulder.

"Have I not told you that you possess the most beautiful bosom in the world?" His hand crept along her neck, moving slowly downward, to capture a luscious breast in his palm, and the rosebud tip stiffened at his touch.

"Are you positive?" she murmured, smiling. "It cannot be that you have seen *all* the bosoms on this earth!"

"It matters not!" he declared, bending to kiss the lobe of her ear, as transparent as a pink sea-shell. "There can be none more lovely!"

She caught his other hand and rested her cheek against it.

"I should be embarrassed, darling, posing this way!" she said, going back to the subject of the portrait. "Who is the artist to be?"

"Pierre Pixon, of course!" he replied. "I have already discussed the matter with him, and he says that he would be highly honored if he had the opportunity to transfer your beauty to canvas!"

Heloise gazed in the mirror. Pierre Pixon! . . . He had been a guest at dinner only the previous evening, and she had a mental snapshot of him . . . tall, distinguished, piercing eyes!

"Alphonse!" she remonstrated. "I should not care to have Pierre Pixon see me almost nude!"

"Nonsense!" he laughed. "It is nothing! . . . Pierre is an artist! It is his profession! It means no more to him to see a woman undraped than it would mean to a doctor!"

Pierre's sharp eyes had been studying her fixedly during dinner, and later, in the drawing room, her feminine intuition could sense the fact that he was mentally undressing her with every glance!

Alphonse now sat beside her.

"You will consent?" he pleaded.

"I will do whatever you wish, *chérie!*" she said.

"*Charmante!*" he whispered, burying his burning face in the fragrant valley between her breasts!

His lips began to travel east and west, tracing the pale blue veins to their source, where they vanished into the blush-pink area sur-

rounding each rosebud nipple, now distended with amative expectancy. . . . Then lingering kisses hardened them into the sharpness of brittle crystal.

The thrill of it made Heloise tremble.

With the tip of a restless tongue she wetted her lips . . . those luscious lips that were always swollen as if they had recently been stung by a honey bee . . . and her mouth was nibbling at his ear as she whispered:

"Alphonse, beloved, we shall be late for dinner!"

She heard his muffled voice reply:

"Dinner is ready when *we* are ready, my treasure!"

Then, with a sigh of rapture, she melted into his arms.

THE NEXT MORNING, in the same pastel-tinted *boudoir*, Heloise was sitting, polishing her fingernails with a chamois buffer. Now, however, the *negligée* was missing, and, with the exception of satin sandals on her pretty feet, she was unadorned!

The chair that had afforded Alphonse a vantage point from which to survey her beauty was again occupied, but this time its soft cushion was supporting the svelte hips of a raven-haired, ebony-eyed damsel, whose lush brunette tints were carried out completely in the duskiness of her skin and the dark crimson of her warm mouth.

Her slim body was moulded into a *chic* tailored suit. Her knees were crossed, a cigarette burned slowly betwixt her fingers, and the pent-up energy which she radiated was evinced by the restive swinging of a slender, shapely leg encased in a gossamer stocking.

Her eyes were heavy-lidded, sleepy, tigerish . . . the only part of her personality that was somnolent . . . but it was the somnolence of a dormant volcano and slumbering fires! . . . Rita Laroux exuded sex-appeal!

"Heloise, darling," she drawled in a rich contralto voice. "You are quite the loveliest thing in Paris."

"*Merci, chérie,*" smiled Heloise, her eyes lighting up. "Are you saying that just to be pleasant, or do you really mean it?"

"You know I am sincere," replied Rita. "But I suppose a compliment is not a novelty to you."

"Is it to you?" Heloise laughed.

"A sincere compliment is rare," purred Rita, flicking cigarette ash. "Most compliments come from self-seekers."

"Then I wonder if my dear husband, Alphonse, is a self-seeker?"

"Does he praise you?"

"Oh, you should hear him!" The laughter of Heloise trilled through the *boudoir*. "No wonder I am vain! Why, only last night he proposed that I sit for my portrait."

"You already have dozens of photographs," said Rita.

"But this is not to be a photograph," retorted Heloise. "It is to be a painting."

"Indeed!" Rita lifted an eyebrow. "Another *objet d'art* for his *salon*, non?"

"It is to hang in his library here at home," Heloise said this in a proud tone.

"Ah! . . . He is selfish!"

Heloise ignored the remark. "And how do you think he desires me to pose?" She laughed, and without waiting for a reply, she added: "Like this!"

Rita's eyes traveled from her sandaled feet upward. "*Au naturelle?*" she smirked.

"Almost, not quite!" Heloise said. "It is to be a *boudoir* scene, and I am to be sitting at a dressing table, wearing a *negligee*, but it is to be very careless, showing *everything* above and below my waist!"

"Alphonse has ideas," murmured Rita. "Have you selected the lucky artist?"

"*Mais oui!* . . . Pierre Pixon!"

"The sophisticated Pierre will be entranced!"

"Oh, that is nothing!" Heloise remembered what Alphonse had told her. "To an artist, a woman's nudity means as little as it does to a doctor!"

Rita smiled slowly. "There are doctors, *cherie*, and there are artists! . . . They are not all the same."

"You mean . . ."

"That a beautiful woman is a beautiful woman to some men, be they doctors or artists!"

A mental thrill caressed the curving spine of Heloise, and caused the rosebud nipples on her breasts to stir themselves. . . . There might be romance in sitting for a painting, after all!

"I'll ring for a *cafe cognac!*" she suggested.

"*Cognac*, darling, will do!" murmured Rita. . . . There were pinpoints of flame in her eyes!

ALPHONSE LOST NO TIME in making the appointment for Heloise, and on the second morning after he had broached the subject, she pressed the bell at the door of Pierre Pixon's studio.

A Japanese *valet* admitted her, and she stepped into a luxuriously furnished room, the ceiling constructed entirely of transparent

glass through which the morning sunlight streamed.

Pierre appeared immediately.

"Ah, *bon matin, madame!*" he exclaimed, bending over her hand and kissing her fingertips. "It is a high honor for me to have been selected to do your portrait."

She tried not to betray her excitement.

"*Monsieur* paints many women, *n'est-ce pas?*" she said carelessly.

"But none as lovely as you, *madame!*" he murmured.

His greatest prize was his own . . . Heloise.



Heloise thought that he had the most fascinating eyes she had ever seen in a man . . . eyes that seemed to pierce through and through the person they were gazing upon . . . eyes from which it would be difficult to withhold secrets!

"*Madame* brought the *negligee* that she wishes to use?" he was saying. "*Monsieur* Pardrey explained the pose he desires. . . .

See, I have already arranged the setting!"

He pointed to a dais, upon which a mirrored dressing table and a red plush covered bench were grouped. . . . She felt her heart skip a beat!

"*Oui, monsieur, I have the negligee!*"

"*Tres bien!*" he bowed. "If you will step this way . . ."

He opened a door and ushered Heloise into an adjoining room.

"When you are ready, please ring that bell!" he said, vanishing out of the doorway.

Heloise slipped off her dress, a *chemise* and a *brassiere*, and peeled off girdle and stockings. . . . The pose that Alphonse desired was to include only her *negligee* and the pom-pom mules she was wearing on the evening he first suggested the painting.

After she had donned these articles, she felt a qualm. . . . Should she appear before Pierre Pixon *en deshabille*? . . . No man had ever seen her so except Alphonse. . . . Her physician had, of course, but he was an old gray-bearded practitioner who treated her as impersonally as though she were a child!

But Pierre Pixon! . . . He was a young man, so virile, so compelling, so fascinating. . . . If what Alphonse assured her was true, that she had the most beautiful figure he was constantly raving about, then what effect would its nudity have upon Pierre? . . . He might be an artist, but he was a *man*, also!

Those eyes of Pierre's . . . drilling deeply into one's soul . . . calling, calling, calling!

Heloise put her finger on the bell and hesitated.

"*Non, non!*" she murmured. "It is nothing to be afraid of . . . *Monsieur* Pierre will probably never even think of flirting!"

She heard the bell buzz out in the studio.

The door opened. . . . Pierre was bowing.

"Come with me, *Madame!*" he said.

Heloise walked into the studio and stepped upon the *dais*. . . . She could not stifle the wild beating of her heart . . . the throb in her throat!

She sat on the plush-covered bench. . . . Pierre bent over her, arranging the skirt of the negligee into an artistic carelessness. . . . Then he stood erect. . . . She was clutching the negligee tightly about her, endeavoring to shield the voluptuousness of her gorgeous breasts, twin hills of sheer delight that refused to be hidden!

"*Pardonnez-moi!*" Pierre's bland voice murmured soothingly. "May I arrange the negligee as *Monsieur* Pardrey would have

it? . . . Off the shoulders and almost *au naturel!*"

His fingers touched her bare shoulder. . . . A live electric wire couldn't have thrilled Heloise any more deeply.

"*Madame* understands?" he whispered.

She raised her eyes to his. . . . Their gaze interlocked. . . . What was there about this man that aroused an agitated tumult in her heart, a savage urge to wrap her arms about his neck and draw him down to her, a thirst for his lips that was insatiable?

"His eyes!" thought Heloise. "Beautiful eyes, magnetic, hypnotic, passionate eyes!"

The negligee was slipping down . . . down . . . over her arms, propelled by Pierre's delicate hands. . . . Heloise was still staring into his eyes. . . . She did not see, but she sensed the fact that glorious breasts were now bare, and the negligee still continued to slide down . . . down. . . . She felt the tips of his fingers at her waistline!

"*Madame* . . . understands?" he repeated.

"*Oui, oui, oui!*" she replied, excitedly and exultantly, smiling a slowly breaking smile that parted her luscious lips and revealed the point of an avid tongue invitingly.

"*Oui, oui, oui!*" she repeated, impatient for his kiss. . . . Why didn't he kiss her? . . . Couldn't he see that she was pulsingly desirous, that she was ready to give him all the honey in her bee-stung mouth?

"I . . . understand . . . *Monsieur!*" she whispered.

Her fingertips were moving upward toward the irresistible hillocks of her pink-tipped breasts. . . . Heloise shivered. . . . Her hand crept around his neck, drawing him to her.

"Kiss me . . . kiss me . . . kiss me!" she breathed.

Pierre did not decline the invitation. . . . Could any man say "*non*" to such an ardent plea?

THAT EVENING, Alphonse bounced into his wife's *boudoir* and bent to receive a kiss from her warm lips. . . . They were more warm than usual, more eager, more tremulous!

"Tell me, *charmante*, all about your appointment at the studio!" he said, excitedly. "Did Pierre start?"

Heloise smiled. "*Mais oui! . . . Monsieur* Pierre started!"

"Ah!" sighed Alphonse. "It will be gorgeous!"

He kissed her again.

"When will it be finished? . . . Did Pierre say?"

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The Queen Is Dead—Almost!

BY

MICHEL VILLON

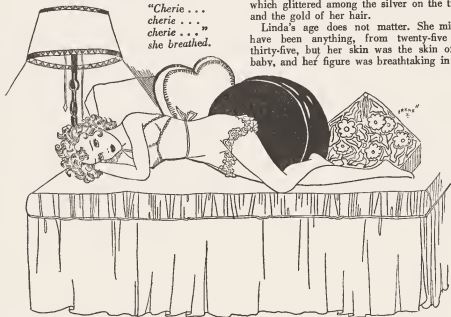
ABOUT ALL LINDA LANE had left was money. This, on the face of it, would seem a pretty worthwhile residue; but then it must not be overlooked that Linda had been a movie star. And to anybody accustomed to the highest seat on an undisputed throne, to fan mail which necessitated the hiring of three secretaries, and to a fanfare of trumpets every

salary, she had been engaged to play the lead in a French moving picture. And thus she was to be found, on a bright morning in early winter, seated over a breakfast tray in her suite at the George Cinque.

She was dressed in a pair of heavy silk pajamas, and her beauty was sufficient to withstand a brilliant shaft of cold sunlight which glittered among the silver on the tray and the gold of her hair.

Linda's age does not matter. She might have been anything, from twenty-five to thirty-five, but her skin was the skin of a baby, and her figure was breathtaking in its

*"Cherie . . .
cherie . . .
cherie . . ."
she breathed.*



time she changed her shoes, mere money was pretty feeble consolation for lost kingdoms, and she would have willingly traded every cent she had, had she been able to enjoy once again the Czarina-like post which Mary Morris had usurped. But it was not to be. So far as Hollywood was concerned, she no longer existed, and had she wandered down Vine Street, naked and leading a kangaroo on a chain, it is doubtful if she would have made column five on page twenty-four of the *Examiner*.

So Linda had packed her thirty-seven trunks, and had come to Paris. After much polite dickering, and for a ridiculously small

loveliness. Even as she sat, it was obvious that she was above medium height, and she had the carriage of a queen. Her hair was golden blonde, long and loosely waved off a high, white and uncreased forehead. Two large, wide-set violet eyes looked out from beneath curling, almost black lashes. Her nose was straight and a trifle imperious; but its air of slight disdain was off-set by her large, red and sensuous lips. Her teeth were perfect.

The coat of the pajamas was cut very low in front, and a little more than just the valley between her breasts could be seen. The milky whiteness of them, and the thin, blue veins under the skin were plainly visible, and her

pointed nipples were those of a young girl. Even the heavy silk could not deter them, and they stuck out like acorns, and there was a pertness and a challenge to them which not a few men had found delightful. Her hips were wide, and her thighs soft and round. The short legs of the pajamas proved that her ankles were those of a thoroughbred. Tiny feet were stuffed into velvet mules. Why Hollywood thought Linda passe was another mystery which it alone could solve.

Linda finished toying with her breakfast, stood up, and was about to sit down at the mirror in her bedroom, when a door opened, and from her own room came Madge, friend,

"Have you seen *Variety*?" she asked.

Madge nodded through a cloud of smoke.

"Don't pay any attention to it," she said.



"Sit down, Guy,
I'll be with you in
a minute."

counsellor, secretary, and general go-between. She called a cheerful greeting, dropped into an armchair and lighted a cigarette.

Linda sat down on the arm of the couch.

Linda laughed bitterly. "I think he might have waited, don't you?"

Madge shrugged her shoulders. "I don't suppose he had much say in the matter," she pointed out. "You know what a dope he is." She smiled across at Linda. "Forgive me for speaking of your ex-husband in that way, but he is a dope, and that's all there is to it."

"Of course he's a dope," agreed Linda, calmly; "why d'you think I divorced him?"

Madge inhaled a mouthful of smoke. "You should have waited a little while," she said. "It wouldn't've done you any harm to be Lady John Wilson. Now Mary Morris has got him . . . and the title. That isn't going to hurt any."

Linda stood up and walked impatiently to the window. "How was I to know?" she demanded, fretfully. "I was married to him for five years, and that old uncle of his showed no signs of dying. How was I to know that the old idiot would take up auto racing at eighty-two?"

"Well," said Madge philosophically, "it's done now, and Mary's put another one over on you. She's not only the big shot on the Central lot; but she's also Lady John Wilson. Too bad, Linda."

Linda stripped off her jacket, and commenced to massage her breasts gently. "You don't have to rub it in, do you?"

"Sorry. Never mind, you may run into a prince or something over on this side."

Linda began her bending exercises, and on her face was a cynical smile. "A lot of good that'd do me," she said, between swoops floorwards. "You forget that I'm a passe picture star. There are too many hale and hearty youngsters, on the crest of the wave only too willing to jump into bed with the crown jewels. I'll be lucky if they feature me in this opus I'm making."

"Working today?"

"Yes, and I don't feel a bit like it. That damned *Variety* upset me more than I can tell you." She straightened up, and commenced to hop about the room. Her firm breasts bobbed up and down, and Madge watched them enviously. Hers were inclined to sag. "I'd give a lot to get my hands on Mary Morris," Linda summed up.

"Forget it, and get dressed. It's getting late. Where's Aggie?"

"In the bathroom somewhere." At that moment the maid came into the room to inform her mistress that everything was ready for her. Slipping out of her trousers, and gorgeously and blatantly naked, Linda followed Aggie into the perfumed warmth of the noble bathroom. Madge lighted another cigarette and picked up *Variety*. Amazing how they got their dope!

THE STUDIO was in a small suburb just outside Paris, and Linda spent the time consumed in reaching it, deep in thought. She could not help feeling bitter. It had all happened so suddenly. She had not gradually slipped, like so many of the other has-beens. One picture

had been her downfall, and she had not wanted to make it. But the studio had insisted, and it had spelled considerable financial loss for them, and ruin and oblivion for her. And right in the middle of it, Mary Morris, unknown, unsung and untried, had hit the Hollywood horizon, and in an amazingly short time had managed to step into the shoes which had been so brutally torn from Linda's feet.

Linda decided that she must have accomplished this feat via the bedroom route. And she was right. Mary had added insult to injury by snapping up Linda's ex-husband the minute she knew that he had fallen heir to one of the oldest titles in England. Mentally, Linda referred to her in a five-letter word which is continually on the lips of dog-fanciers. And by that time, the studio was reached, and Linda went to her dressing room.

She made up and changed her clothes with none of the excitement which she had known in Hollywood. Everything was different. She was nobody anymore, and she felt it keenly. And there seemed to be more to it than the fact that she was merely a failure. The whole atmosphere around the studio seemed to tell her that they resented her; that she was not wanted, and she could not understand it. Not only was there no attempt made at deference; but the politeness that was shown her was cold, and forced. Linda was most unhappy.

She went onto the set and sat down in her chair. Maurice Duval, the director, smiled distantly, and continued with his lighting of the set. The leading man, and others in the company pretended not to see her, and Linda could feel her celebrated temper rising within her. Fiercely, she choked it down. She could not afford to throw away this chance at a come-back. Instinctively, she felt eyes on her. Turning, she saw a young man holding a manuscript, gazing at her intently. Their eyes met, and the young man smiled. Linda smiled back, and the young man moved his chair a little closer.

"I mean nothing to you, of course," he began, shyly, "but I'm Guy Foret, an assistant director." Linda nodded. Ordinarily, she would not have continued the conversation further, but she was very upset, very lonely, and Guy was more handsome than good looking. Linda said,

"Of course you mean something to me. I've seen you around the set for two weeks now." Her French was beautiful, and Guy nodded approvingly.

"I didn't think you'd remember me," he said, quietly. "A great star like you."

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(Continued from page 24)

Linda laughed shortly. "A great star?" she repeated. "You should read the papers."

"To me," said Guy, stubbornly, "you are a great star . . . and a wonderful and a lovely woman." Then, covered with confusion, he stood up and almost ran away.

Linda gazed after him, her violet eyes wide with pleased astonishment; and suddenly the full meaning of the word "relativity" was brought home to her. In Hollywood, had an assistant director had the temerity to so much as speak to her, he would have been fired. But here, surrounded as she was by hostility, she was actually *grateful* for a compliment. Feeling in a much better mood, she stepped on the set when she was called, and Maurice Duval's continual bickerings and complaints were entirely uncalled for, and through it all, the yearning eyes of Guy Foret never left her. But Linda was so busy mentally cursing Duval, the leading man, and pictures in general, that she only noticed him on occasions, she was therefore a little surprised to run into him again in a corridor after the day's shooting was done. She was on the way to her dressing room, and tears of rage and humiliation coursed freely down her cheeks.

Guy approached her timidly. "I'm so sorry," he said. "Duval is always that way. Every actor in France hates him. But he's a fine director. *Mon Dieu*, my heart bled for you!"

Linda smiled through her tears. "You're sweet," she said. "Thank you. I'm being very silly; but I'm not used to this treatment yet." Then she laughed bitterly. "But I'd better hurry up and get used to it."

"There is only one Duval," answered Guy. "And something tells me that he won't last much longer. He's been going a little too far lately."

Linda gazed at this strange, sympathetic young man, and suddenly she was seized with a perverse desire. Why not? What did it matter if he was only an assistant director? What was she? Her days of reigning supreme seemed to be over. Why not go down the slide to the bottom? It had been a long time since she had forced herself to be nice to young assistants . . . but the idea rather amused her. And Guy was certainly good looking.

Impulsively, she said, "Come along to my dressing room and have a drink."

"I?" Guy flushed, and almost dropped his dog-eared script.

Linda smiled, and slipped her arm through his. "Yes, sonny-boy—you! It feels nice to

be with somebody who doesn't think you're a back number."

Guy started to protest, looking anxiously over his shoulder at the still lighted set. But Duval was still busy, and before he had time to refuse, Linda was propelling him along the stuffy passage. She was laughing softly to herself, and what her thoughts were—God alone knows.

By the time they had reached the dressing room, Linda's mind was thoroughly made up, and if this young man wanted her, she decided that he should be the first in, what she feared would be a succession of has-beens, might-have-beens, and couldn't-quite-make-its. Perversely, she rather relished the idea of going to hell behind a brass band.

On entering the dressing room, she deliberately locked the door, and switched out all the lights, save that of a floor lamp standing at the top of a shabby old couch. Turning to the embarrassed Guy, she said, "Sit down, Guy. I'll be with you in a minute!"

Guy sat down and tried not to look at her as she slowly pulled her dress over her head, and clad in nothing more concealing than a narrow brassiere, and a pair of wide-legged panties, lowered herself to a bench in front of the make-up shelf. But he could not keep his eyes off her as she smeared cold cream on her face, and then, with a rough towel, removed her greasepaint. The soft light shimmered in her golden hair, and her raised arms tautened her lovely breasts, and dragged the left from its anchorage in the brassiere. Guy could see the pointed little nipple as it peeked above the filmy lace. His hands itched to touch that breast, and his fingers longed to caress that stiff, pink little nipple. Suppressing a groan, he turned his head away, and poured two glasses of cognac from a bottle at his elbow.

In a very short time, Linda finished. Getting to her feet, it seemed that she was about to join him on the couch as she was, but she changed her mind. From a closet she drew a kimono. This she wrapped around her, then with a brilliant smile, she crossed the small room and sat down beside Guy.

"My drink, please," she ordered. Guy handed it to her, and she finished it at one gulp. Wordlessly, she held her glass while he re-filled it. She disposed of the second drink as speedily as she had the first. And her mental philosophy was, "What the hell, Bill—what the hell?"

Guy watched her with a troubled expression in his eyes. Linda helped herself to two

more drinks in quick succession, then she leaned back against the couch and gazed at her companion.

"You're very good looking," she said. "But I'm afraid you're rather young."

Guy shifted uneasily. "I'm not as young as I look," he told her. "I'll be thirty-six on my next birthday."

Linda smiled, and leaned forward. Her eyes were bright, and her lips were parted.

"How nice," she whispered; "then I won't have to teach you anything, will I?"

For several seconds Guy did not answer. He gazed at her steadily, and while he did so, Linda deliberately opened the kimono at the throat, and he was given a view of her white neck and shoulders, half of one breast and all of the other. He caught his breath, and tentatively, his hand came towards her.

his arms, and before either of them realized it, they were reclining side-by-side on the time-worn couch. Like a little girl Linda dropped her golden head to Guy's shoulder, there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and Guy loved her tremendously.

Tenderly, he kissed her, and she did not



Linda began her bending exercises, and on her face was a cynical smile.

Linda closed her eyes, and took her lower lip between her teeth. But Guy did not advance any further. Linda opened her eyes, and stared at him reproachfully.

"What're you frightened of?" she wanted to know.

Guy clasped his hands in front of him, and in a serious voice, said, "I don't want anything this way. You see, you've been my goddess for years . . . and, you're drunk."

Linda said, "You're wrong. I'm not drunk, and I'm not a goddess. I like you. I like you enormously. I like you because you're kind and sympathetic, and I like you because you're good looking. I want you . . . please . . ."

Guy had had many women, but not one of them had come to him with the subtle ease of this one. Literally, she seemed to melt into

respond. She merely lay there, contented and happy. Her arms rested lightly about Guy, and never had she appeared so beautiful.

Guy kissed her shining hair, her wide and handsome forehead, her closed eyes, and her cheeks. Linda stirred, and a little sigh escaped her. For some time Guy's lips lingered above hers without actually touching them. He could feel her breath against his mouth, and she could feel his. Her breasts rose and fell with an ever-quickenening action. Guy bided his time. He was in love with this woman, and Frenchmen in love are the personification of unselfishness.

Gently, Guy's hands slid over Linda's upper arm. The softness of her flesh thrilled him, and when he raised them and ran his fingers beneath them, Linda stirred, and her lips parted. Still Guy had not kissed her. Under the kimono, Guy's fingers traveled; always skirting, and never actually touching Linda's lovely breast. Then he lowered his lips. Linda's met his half way, and they became fused together as though cast in a mold. Linda's arm tightened around his neck, and she rolled on her side. Guy slipped his hand behind her, and she could feel his fingers fumbling with the clasp which secured her brassiere. She felt it give, and Guy did not wait to slip it off. He tore it loose and dropped it to the floor of the dressing room. His lips never left hers.

Firmly, Guy slid her arms out of the kimono and arranged it behind her. Then he broke the contact of their mouth, sat up straight and gazed at her. Linda relaxed.

She was naked to the waist, and Guy caught his breath at he realized for the first time the sheer beauty of her body. Never had he seen such breasts. Large, full and yet as firm as rocks. They stood out straight, and the little, virginal nipples peered toward the sky as though asking some god to pay them some attention. Guy was no god: but he was obliging.

Insinuatingly, as light as the wings of a butterfly, his hands began to caress her. Linda stiffened, her back became rigid, and as Guy's fingers strayed into the deep valley between her breasts, they commenced to harden, and the little nipples became as coral.

Gently he turned her on her side, and then, for the first time, he touched one breast. His hand was hard and cool, and Linda's eyes remained tightly closed. Her lips were parted, and her breath was coming in short gasps. Guy played with her breast until it grew so hard, he thought it must burst. Then he seized her savagely and crushed her to him. Linda's arms went about his neck, and her fingernails dug holes in his masculine flesh.

"Cherie . . ." he whispered.

"Cherie . . . cherie . . . cherie . . ." She could say no more, and tears of pure passion were coursing down her cheeks.

Momentarily, Guy left her, and she lay, writhing, on the couch. When he returned, Linda opened her eyes. Impulsively, she said, "Guy—what a marvelous tan you have."

Again she was in his arms, and her panties went to join her brassiere.

HOURS LATER, they sat in Linda's apartment at the George Cinque. Linda was disgusted with herself, madly in love with Guy and deliriously happy. A star and an assistant director! What a howl for Mary Morris. She laughed aloud—bitterly. As though able to read her thoughts, Guy said,

"I have a confession to make, Linda, and I don't want you to say anything until I've finished talking. I am not, technically, an assistant director. Or, rather, technically, I am. Really, I own the picture concern. I bought it months ago through a firm of bankers, and I am here as assistant, not only to learn the business, but also to learn why it hasn't been making money. When I am ready to do so, I shall take the reins myself. I am not Guy Foret; my real name is Prince Gustav Argincourt. I have two offers to make you. The first, the part of Princess Argincourt, and the other is star supreme of the largest film company in Paris. What say you, *ma petite*?"

Linda stood up slowly, walked across the room and, locked all the doors. Then she walked over to Guy and threw herself into his lap.

"I say," she said, against his face, "that I should like you to do dreadful things to me. Now . . . I can't wait!"

Guy held her fiercely, and his fingers slipped buttons through their holes.



Why Not?

BY

JERE LAMONT

DON TANNER EMERGED from the *Metro* and blinked in the dazzling September sunlight. The Parisian underground system which he'd just visited, seemed no different from any New York subway, save for the fact that it had the same first and second-class distinctions as any French *wagon lit*.

He was in Paris to study French transportation systems. In New York, he was the head of a huge subway contracting firm—President and Manager. And he was now combining business and pleasure in Paris on a brief sojourn abroad. The business just now had been a ride on the *Metro*, where he'd jotted down copious notes in his first-class compartment. The pleasure would come later in the day—when he expected Suzette, of the *Fleur d'Amour*, to drop in at his de luxe hotel suite. Suzette? He grinned.

He'd met her at the *Fleur d'Amour*, an exclusive Montmartre night club, on his first night in Paris. She was the star *danseuse*, and she wore only a spangled loin cloth of very transparent *soie de chine* during her solo routine. When she saw him alone at his ringside table, so handsome, distinguished and impeccable in dinner coat, she gave him her most dazzling smile. After her dance, instead of vanishing as usual in a thunder of applause, she came right over.

"Monsieur is alone?" she asked in her faltering, pretty English.

"Very much so," he replied. "Would you like to join me?"

"*Avec plaisir!* Zat is, if Monsieur does not mind, *naturelment*."

So he ordered two more bottles of champagne—and by the time they'd finished their little talk, she consented very ecstatically to accompany him to his hotel suite. There, of course, the inevitable happened. And now, as he hailed a taxi and returned to his hotel, all Paris smiled at him, and if life were any more glorious he could hardly believe it, he felt. In New York, as a millionaire executive and society light, he had to be more or less careful and discreet, because his wife, Nancy, was a solid, conventional and dignified matron who watched him closely.

But here in Paris, on the excuse of business—which bored her to tears—he'd be able to enjoy himself without limitations. She was

too much wrapped up in her bridge, her clubs, her tea dances and heavy social affairs to accompany him. And he felt like a joyous college cub away from her. At forty, he was fed up with the conventional routine of life with Nancy. Yet, because he had a position to maintain, and because he still had a certain fondness for her, he hadn't thought of divorcing her and probably never would.

His man, Springer, awaited him in the de luxe suite.

"Your bath is ready, sir. And your evening things are laid out.

"Very well, Springer. I won't need you until tomorrow. You can step out and enjoy yourself any way you like now—and if you see fit not to return until morning, stopping at some *pension* meanwhile, it will be perfectly all right with me."

"Thank you, sir," said Springer as he departed with alacrity.

Don smiled as he tubbed himself. The soul of discretion—Springer. It always paid to treat him kindly; he'd done so for the last ten years of his married life. Mrs. Tanner certainly would never hear a word from Springer about her husband's many little *sotto voce affaires!*

Humming cheerily, Don got into pajamas and robe after the bath. As he poured himself a cognac-and-soda, then lit a fragrant Havana and viewed himself in the mirror, he chuckled. Thick black hair laced with gray here and there; dark eyes in a virile, powerful, good-looking face. No wonder Suzette knew he was the right one to approach, out of all the *America*n tourists present at the *Fleur d'Amour* last night. In dinner clothes, no one could mistake him for anything but what he was—an American financier visiting a Montmartre night club for relaxation.

AS HE POURED another cognac-and-soda, he sank contentedly into the big and luxurious chair near the window looking out on the Avenue de Mercedes, where September sunlight flooded luxurious cars, even more luxurious women, and *boulevardiers* strutted along like peacocks on their way to sidewalk cafes for *aperitifs*. Paris! And Suzette due any moment now! He felt like a runaway kid

on a holiday, and Nancy was pleasantly vague and remote.

The wall phone rang.

"Mademoiselle Suzette," announced the desk clerk downstairs formally, "desires to know if *Monsieur* is ready to receive her, *s'il vous plait*."

"Send her right up," he boomed.

He was so impatient for her that he held the door open until she arrived. As one of the many lifts on the floor discharged her, he received her with open arms—a tall, slim platinum blonde with a scarlet mouth in a pale and heart-shaped face whose enormous dark eyes blazed at him like jewels. She was passionately stream-lined in a scarlet afternoon dress of taffeta; it was like her own skin. A silver fox fur partially concealed the daring decolletage of back and front; he was blindingly conscious of her breasts' perfection, of the delirious hollow between them,

of the ravishing half moons with their coral tips stabbing out the taffeta.

As she snuggled in his arms, her hot cranberry lips crushed under his kiss while her tongue caressed his in the French manner, Don quickly drew her inside and slammed the door shut.

For a perfect interval they were blended together as one. His hard arms, that crushed her to him deliciously, rose slowly. One en-

*She had five drinks
before they left the
suite.*



ed. "On shipboard, coming to Le Havre, I had to be the soul of discretion, Suzette. There were some people I knew—solid, respectable and conventional Americans. And how they bored me. Polite talk, some bridge and so on—and I couldn't do a thing without having them eternally present. Naturally, when I arrived in Paris and got rid of them, I was almost wild. And now, since you're the first *demi-mondaine* I've contacted here in Paris—"

"I see," she giggled. "I begin to understand, *cheri*."

He put her on her feet and the fox fur slid from her shoulders. He gave her an embrace that made her gasp.

"I've sent out Springer for the next twenty-four hours, Suzette. I'll mix a few drinks, dress, and we'll step out a bit afterwards. Dinner and the *Folies Bergere*. Then we'll return here, and—"

Her eyes danced and she clapped her jeweled hands.

"*Parfait, mon ange!* We will 'ave just time enough afterwards for me to return to ze night club where I work, since ze first revue in which I appear is not schedule' before one in ze morning. You will wait for me zere until dawn, and zen we will return *ici* again, *n'est ce pas?*"

He had five drinks with her before they left the suite for *dejeuner* at Zelli's. His movements were leisurely; why hurry when they had so much time? With the first drink, she stepped out of the afternoon dress. With the second, from the panties. With the third, the slippers came off. And with the fourth, the cobwebby hose.

And with the fifth—

THEY WERE VERY LANGUID during the dinner at Zelli's and at the *Folies*. But his good humor and hers were noticeable. . . . And later, when he escorted her at gray dawn from the *Fleur d'Amour* to his hotel suite, Don felt so swell that only a major catastrophe could have chased away his beaming smile.

Next evening, he decided to buy Suzette's temporary release from the night club where she worked, for at least a week. In Souilly, a bachelor friend, now in Manhattan, had a country lodge. The lodge was at present occupied only by peasant caretakers. His friend, William Dodge, had winked at him when he told him he was leaving for France to study foreign transportation systems.

"When you're in France, Don, if you ever need a convenient country spot for certain reasons," he'd grinned, "here's a note that will

give you full possession of my Souilly place during my absence."

Don and Bill Dodge understood each other thoroughly—both alumnae of the same university. Don had winked back—accepted the note—shaken his hand gratefully. As he paid the proprietor of the *Fleur d'Amour* many thousand francs for Suzette's temporary release, he was more than happy that Bill's Souilly lodge was available for the next few days.

She hugged him when he arrived with her in Souilly in a big limousine towards nightfall. Her cranberry lips seared his.

"But what a man you are, my Don!" she breathed. "But how smart! *Quel plaisir* when one meets ze *riche Americain* like you!" "Why not?" he chuckled. "Can't I afford it?"

Springer, seated in the back of the car, beamed. There was sufficient luggage strapped behind to take care of the week's stay at the lodge nicely. His duties would be light—and he understood there were some pretty French country maids in that vicinity. Even a valet could have an interesting time in Souilly while his master dallied with Suzette. What could be sweeter?

The lodge consisted of a two-story stone structure of the most commodious variety, with barns and outbuildings. The sun was sinking amidst flame-colored skies and crickets were chirping in the hushed dusk as the car swept up to the main building and a French peasant, in rough blouse and wooden sabots, came forward to receive Don and Suzette. The atmosphere was so peaceful that even Springer enjoyed it, used as he was to metropolitan settings.

In no time at all, Don and Suzette were installed in a huge bedroom on the second floor, with a convenient bath adjoining, while Springer occupied a smaller room in the rear, within convenient reach of his employer's voice. After a sumptuous repast of onion soup, deviled frog's legs, *boeuf a la mode* avec truffles, *Chateau Requiem*, *cafe au lait*, *Benedictine* and other incidentals, served by the caretaker's wife, with Springer helping, Don and Suzette went out on the broad verandah to enjoy the early evening.

Why be formally dressed in Souilly?

She wore merely lacy pajamas and slippers; he was in shirt sleeves and knickers. A scented cigarette in a jeweled holder sixteen inches long was between her cranberry lips—his latest gift to her. They sat in low rockers close to each other, while his fragrant Havana gave out luxurious smoke rings and

he had one arm idly around her, cupping one divine breast as usual.

"Isn't Souilly at dusk wonderful, Suzette?" he grinned.

in blue tailored serge from the rear seat. The vision undulated up the path to the main house, paused.

Nancy, looking glorious and happy, beau-

How he tingled as he lifted her bodily and carried her to the chaise!



"Ze question—it is superfluous, *cheri*. It is *tres magnifique*."

"Look at the red, red sun sinking behind those clouds, Suzette."

"*Nom d'Dieu! Quel plaisir!*"

"And how peaceful, how hushed everything is, Suzette."

"As you *Americaines* say—it is ze nuts!"

And then, in this perfect setting, came a bomb out of the blue. A big *Fraschini* appeared on the road all at once. A liveried chauffeur sprang out, then assisted a vision

tiful, her former solidity of form strangely less solid—merely voluptuous and enticing!

DON WANTED TO PINCH himself and cry out hoarsely. Was this Nancy, the wife he'd left behind? What had caused the incredible change in her appearance? Why, she looked as if she'd lost at least thirty pounds! And that *chic tailleur* fitted each voluptuous, enticing curve and line so that she was even more enchanting than Suzette! And she'd cut off most of her brown hair and had it waved in

some seductive manner that made him swallow hard! And her former lusterless eyes sparkled like brilliants beneath artistically plucked and shaped brows—danced at him as if she were a kid!

"Hello, darling," she greeted casually. "Surprised to see me?"

Don couldn't utter a sound. He merely stared. On the back seat of the car, to cap the climax, sat a typical French gigolo, languidly smoking a gold-tipped cigarette of the most gigoish variety. The fellow was as complacent as a plutocrat; if he knew that he, Don, was Nancy's husband, he gave no sign of it.

"Surprised?" croaked Don. "Of course I am! What—what—"

She giggled.

Her eyes were oddly undisturbed by the glimpse of Suzette.

"I got tired of New York, Don, dear," she murmured sweetly, "a day after you left. And I had a sudden impulse to join you in Paris. So I took passage abroad on the next boat without even a passport, risking the chance that I could identify myself on arrival through our many friends in various ports. On board, I was seasick the whole blessed passage—couldn't eat a thing. And was I delighted when I landed at Havre to see the astonishing changes lack of food for a whole week had wrought in me!"

She prattled on, happily.

At Havre, she'd gotten the American consul to see her through to Paris without a passport. Since he knew the Donald Tanners well, he was only too delighted to do so. His in-

fluence and connections smoothed everything over very neatly. In Paris, when she went to Don's hotel and learned he'd left for Souilly, she'd also learned from the embarrassed desk clerk that Suzette was with Don. So, just from pique, she'd rapidly engaged Armand de Brie—one of the gigolos who danced in the hotel ballroom nightly and who now occupied the rear seat of the hired car, to accompany her.

Her amused, bored, tolerant glance rested on Suzette as she finished.

"So that's Suzette, Don? Well," she laughed, "if you want to neglect me for her, that's your privilege, of course. In that event, since Armand and I will have to stay over here in Bill Dodge's lodge overnight anyway, I'll offer absolutely no objections if Armand—"

Something stronger than panic, which shot him from the verandah as though he were magnetized, propelled Don Tanner towards her like a plummet. In his eyes were worship, happiness, ecstasy. He grabbed her to him as if she were a dozen Suzettes rolled into one. And as he kissed her, Suzette left quietly, discreetly. Suzette knew she stood no chance whatever with him now—wise Suzette!

"Darling!" he choked. "Why didn't you reduce five years ago, when you began to grow stout and uninteresting? When you were as slimly alluring and passionately seductive as—Suzette? Why, the way you look now, sweetheart—if that gigolo starts anything with you, I'll—!"

So the gigolo and Suzette spent the night together, and Don and his wife did ditto, much to the pleasure of all concerned. Which, being as it should be, is a fitting last curtain, *messieurs, n'est ce pas?*



Evil Minded

BY
KEN COOPER

FIFI LOOKED UP blushing as her older sister entered the room. She closed the book

she had been reading and bashfully covered its title with her white hand.

"Greetings, *mon amie*," Jeanette gurgled, dropping her fur-piece on a convenient chair. "Do not tell me that you are bettering your mind by reading? *Sacre bleu*, I am amazed!"

Fifi colored, the pink glow further heightening the splendidly youthful complexion of her cheeks, and forming a charming background for her round blue eyes, bathed in an exotic dampness.

"Er—oui, I am—I am reading," Fifi stumbled, "but—but zee book is not very interesting."

Jeanette stepped forward, hand outstretched. "Come, let me see what my little bon-bon thinks is not good," she said, smiling.

Fifi stood erect, drawing away, the red-covered book held behind her back. "*Non, non*," she cried, "I will not show it to you. You will mock me!"

"Mock?" Jeanette's forehead creased. "Why will I mock, *cherie*?"

"Because you will think it not nice." Fifi lowered her head.

In one leap, Jeanette had imprisoned Fifi's arms behind her back. "Now I *must* see it!" she exclaimed, snatching the volume from Fifi's inert fingers. Turning it face up, Jeanette looked and blanched.

"Fifi!" she gasped, "I am surprised! *Les Memoirs de Casanova*. It is a disgrace!"

The younger girl hung her head, entwining long, delicate fingers in the lap of her dress. "It is no disgrace," she murmured petulantly. "He was a very fine man."

Jeanette opened the book to its title page and scowled at the nude pen and ink drawing of a woman and a butler. "It is lewd, pornographic and disgusting!" she stormed, shutting the volume with a bang, "and I am ashamed that you should read such a thing!"

Fifi clenched her fists so that the knuckles showed white through the skin. "I am seventeen years old, Jeanette, and I think I can choose my own reading!" she replied, two spots of tell-tale color in her cheeks attesting to her anger. Momentarily she paused, her small, snow-apple breasts rising and falling beneath a chiffon blouse. "If you think it is dirty, all well and good, but I call your attention to the notation on the first page. I should advise you to read it and memorize it."



Stepping forward, Wally placed his arm about her waist.

Jeanette opened the book. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," she read.

Fifi nodded. "*Oui*, evil to him who evil thinks. If you think it is evil, you are evil-minded!" Turning on her heel, she disappeared into the boudoir, slamming the door viciously.

Jeanette sighed, tossing the book on the couch. "And for this," she mused, "we have younger sisters!"

It was most difficult for Jeanette to keep her private life a secret, and avoid having Fifi, her younger sister, learn anything of what she was doing. To further this end, it was necessary to maintain an attitude of prudishness utterly out of keeping with her own broad-minded, frivolous attitude towards life. Fatherless and motherless, both sisters occupied a pension in the *Rue Tryon*, Fifi still attending school and Jeanette working in an exclusive perfumery.

It was not her work that bothered Jeanette, but inasmuch as it was well nigh impossible to support a home, send a sister to school and supply clothes and other essentials, on a meagre forty franc per week salary, Jeanette was forced to find other avenues of revenue.

Tall, dark and delightfully lissome, she soon discovered that nature had endowed her with a commodity whose saleability was assured, without the necessity of bargaining, cajoling or influencing. It was this that Jeanette sought to hide from little Fifi. Six nights out of seven, she would return to the apartment after leaving the shop, prepare a hasty dinner for Fifi and then vanish into the night to return long after midnight.

Fifi had questioned these nocturnal forages, but Jeanette passed it off on "business." Truly, it was business, but of a different nature than that which entered Fifi's pretty head.

Now, with her sister behind closed doors, Jeanette laughed softly to herself. "*Les Mémoires de Casanova*," she murmured. "I read it when I was still in pigtails. I am surprised she has not picked up others much worse at her age!" She walked into the boudoir, paying no attention to Fifi, sprawled across the bed, weeping bitterly.

Before a beveled mirror, Jeanette slipped her store dress over tousled auburn locks and gazed at her half-nude figure in the glass. Built along the same svelte lines as Fifi, with the exception that the five years separating them had given Jeanette the lush glow of maturity, the perfume saleslady and night-time joy girl, ran her hands along the bare area of flesh between panties and bandeau, her fingers tingling from the soft, warm contact.

In the store, Jeanette always wore a midget brassiere, not so much because of its restraining or uplifting qualities, for as far as that was concerned, the firm, tight-fleshed cones that were her breasts needed no uplift nor restraint, but because male customers had the habit of peering down her bodice whenever she bent over the showcase to demonstrate an *odeur*.

Again, it was not modesty nor embarrassment that prevailed, but rather a perverse instinct which seemed to say: "Show them a little and they think a lot! Show them a lot and they have nothing to think about!"

The brassiere—or bandeau—was, in reality, a ballyhoo for the nudity of her bosom. Comprising two tiny cups of fine net, dotted with rosebuds, it just managed to cover the conical front of the cones, the silk rosebuds suffering by comparison with the natural carmine nipples topping each mound.

The same thing applied to Jeanette's spun silk panties, adhering to her lovely thighs with all the tenacity of glue soaked parchment. Jeanette's panties were hardly protective sheaths, either against the weather or against wandering amorous hands. Too thin to guard warm hips against wintery blasts, and too loose, inches above rolled stockings, to discourage roving fingers, they were worn merely as a concession to propriety, or the possibility that a wind, sweeping around a corner, might lift outer skirts to dangerous, revealing heights. As far as anything else was concerned, Jeanette could have gone about in nothing but a dress, stockings and shoes!

Humming to herself, she divested herself of the bandeau and panties, then, seated on the bed, she pulled sheer silken hose from beautifully molded calves.

"School was all right today, Fifi?" she queried.

Renewed sobs broke out from the supine girl on the bed. Evidently it was a plea for forgiveness.

Jeanette turned and slipped her arms beneath Fifi's waist. "Don't be a silly, *ma chérie*," she said. "I have already forgotten what I told you. Come, smile for me."

Fifi looked up, her tear-stained face attempting to smile. "But—but you treat me like a child. I am grown up, Jeanette. I will be eighteen in January!"

Jeanette smiled understandingly. The picture her sister presented was one of divine, youthful verve. The chiffon blouse had slipped off one shoulder and a tiny round breast peeped like an interloper from the soft material, the crinkly, brown-circled nipple dot-

ting the white mound like a drop of blood on a snowball. One curved hip was raised sensually, and Jeanette could see that her sister's body was developing with alarming rapidity.

dance; never talk with a boy!" Tears again veiled her saucer shaped eyes.

Jeanette patted her comfortingly and bending down kissed her ripe, red lips. "The time will come, *cherie*," she whispered, "the time will come." In her heart she dreaded the coming!



"I know, *petite*," she whispered, caressing the silken surface of Fifi's shoulder, "you are no longer a child, but still, you are not a woman. There are some things a girl cannot do, and I think I am a better judge of right or wrong than you are!" Jeanette shuddered as she spoke. Only the night before she had accepted the senile caresses of a greasy Spanish statesman, her flesh crawling at the contact of his lean, almost cadaverous fingers on her soft breasts. What irony!

Fifi scowled. "But I never go out; never

"But you treat me like a child! I'm grown up, Jeanette!"

Pausing at the door, Jeanette turned to Fifi. Garbed in a daring, low-cut evening gown, she was a glamorous, eye-filling figure.

"Do not wait for me, *cherie*," she called.

"Go to bed early and get your beauty sleep."

Fifi nodded. "Oui," she said.

To FIFI, her sister's admonitions, advices and counsel were old-fashioned and out-of-date. Young, alive and eager to participate in all the pleasures of youth, Fifi objected to her sister's domineering attitude. And then, Fifi reasoned, what was Jeanette doing out until all hours of the morning?

The book—Casanova's Memoirs—still reposed where Jeanette had tossed it on the couch. Before the interruption, Fifi had been up to the chapter where the gallant Casanova was climbing into a maid's boudoir with one thought in mind. Smiling cheerfully, Fifi dashed into the boudoir, slipping out of skirt and blouse and donned a diaphanous pair of pajamas, a gift from Jeanette. If her older sister had ever seen Fifi in those diaphanous, next-to-nothing lounging pajamas, the odds would have probably been a hundred to one that Fifi would never have used them to cover her nubile curves. Aided and abetted by the revealing material, Fifi's sweet body became a symphony of dizzy curves and youthfully voluptuous undulations. Her breasts, tiny pink-tipped bulges, quivered engagingly as she walked, jutting out the loose bodice of the pajama top and sliding back and forth beneath the chiffon covering.

Plumping down on the sofa, Fifi curled her slim legs under her and buried her nose in the book. As though she were enacting the blissful, passionate part of the maid, cornered in her room and made love to by the glamorous Casanova, Fifi's right hand slid up and cupped a fluttering breast and Fifi's breath came in quick, excited gasps.

"My fingers, like eyes of love"—the book read—"passed over the satin-smooth shoulder of this scullery goddess, tingling with the divine passion of desire. Her flesh! Ah, it was smooth as the silks out of Araby. Her breasts! Ah, like two doves feeding from the palm of my hand!"

Fifi's fingers crept beneath the neckline of the pajama-top and slid down to where the outward curve of flesh marked the molded beginning of her own breast. Tentatively they touched the flaming skin, picking at the rapidly hardening tip. Fifi breathed heavily as tiny radiations of pleasure shot through her body. She read on:

"I could feel the cool breeze of Autumn blowing through the open window, but the heated flesh of my paramour warmed me not only externally, but even brought to boiling temperature the blood in my veins."

Fifi trembled, stretching her legs and digging her fingers deep into the resilient flesh of her bosom. Suddenly she started as the brass bell at the outside door tingled melodiously. Who could it be? Was it Jeanette returning so soon? Scrambling to her feet, Fifi hid the book under the sofa and approached the door. Hand on knob she paused.

"Who is it?"

"Miss Lescout?" a youthful, masculine voice queried.

A thrill shot through Fifi's frame. A man! Casanova! Her inflamed mind kept pace with the vicarious heat of her body.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"I would like to see Miss Lescout," the voice responded cheerily. Fifi could almost see bright eyes sparkling, a tall, well-knit body clothed in the best of taste. Evidently he was *American*. One could tell from the accent.

"One moment, Monsieur," Fifi called, slipping back the bolt and swinging the door open.

"Ah!" a tall, well-knit young man with sparkling eyes ejaculated. "Ah!"

Fifi surveyed him, not without interest. "What is it you wish, Monsieur?" Already she was visualizing his lips on hers, his fingers toying with her breasts.

He smiled. "At present I wish for nothing better than to step in and survey you, Mademoiselle, via more direct lighting. This hallway is a trifle dark for such examination!" Doffing his slouch hat, he walked in, stamped down the foyer and drew up in the living-room. Fifi closed the door and followed.

"But—but, Monsieur," she protested, "I do not understand."

The visitor cocked his head, shut one eye and ran the remaining open optic up and down Fifi's young body.

"As usual," he announced, "Jack was perfectly right. Not only do I admire his taste, but commend his descriptive powers. However," and he bowed gracefully, "I did not expect to be so fortunate as to find you already garbed, as it were, for the fray."

Fifi blinked. "But—but Monsieur," she stuttered, "it is very strange. I do not know you from Adam."

He gestured to his Bond Street suit. "I am clothed—at present—that, Mademoiselle, is the difference!"

"But—but who are you and what do you want?"

He tossed his hat and topcoat on a chair. "Mister Wally Evans, Mademoiselle," he an-

nounced, "terse, twenty and ticklish, and my wants are confined to you!"

"To me?" Fifi's hands flew to her face. "It is a mistake, Monsieur. A *grand* mistake!"

Wally grinned. "Correct, mah cherry. If it is a mistake, I heartily agree with you that it is a *grand* one. Simply grand!"

Suddenly Fifi realized that she had unfastened the top buttons of her pajamas in order to slip her hand below. Looking down she saw that one strawberry caprisoned mound was visible from where he stood. Quickly she fastened it, a dull red glow suffusing her cheeks. Wally took in the operation whimsically.

"That, Mademoiselle," he announced, "was utterly unnecessary, utterly uncalled for and utterly unsportsmanlike. From all reports, you were not that reticent with my good friend and fellow American. Shame on you!"

More and more Fifi was becoming puzzled by this handsome youth's flow of language, strange allusions and happy-go-lucky poise. She liked his eyes mostly, for their frankness and healthy, happy glint. And too, for the way they bored through her thin pajamas and seemed to caress her flesh.

"You will either have to explain why you are here, Monsieur," she said, "or I will call the Concierge and have you put out."

Wally raised his hands in mock fear. "Oh, Mademoiselle," he said, "by no means call the con-person whoever he may be. I am here on a simple errand. I come to visit you, Mademoiselle Lescaut, bringing with me all the vitality and strength of four years of college football!"

The light of understanding dawned on Fifi. "I am afraid you desire to see my sister, Monsieur," she said, a trifle disappointed.

Wally shook his head. "Oh, no, I do not! I desire to see you, much more of you!"

Fifi crossed her arms over her breasts. His eyes were making the tips protrude dangerously. "Non, Monsieur, it is my sister. Of that I am certain. I do not know any Americans."

"Well, you know one now!" Stepping forward, Wally placed his arm about her waist and drew her to the couch. The next moment, Fifi found herself plopped down at his side, his fingers grasping the soft flesh of her under-arm.

"But, Monsieur," she protested, "it is my sister!"

Wally slid his arm further around her and drew her close. "I don't care if it's your

grandmother, baby. All I want is a kiss from those honeysuckle lips, and—"

Suiting the action to the word, he covered Fifi's virgin mouth with his own, parting her lips by sheer force, and reveling in the damp, sweetly soft inner surfaces. His left hand, resting on Fifi's hip, slid up her body, stopping when it reached a soft projection quivering underneath a layer of chiffon.

All at once, the floodgates of desire were let loose, and Fifi responded to Wally's ardent caresses with fervor and passion that was beyond imagination.

"Oh! Oh!" she gasped, struggling to release herself, and at the same time burning to hold closer to his body. "It—it is my sister, Monsieur!"

Wally dug his lips into the smooth hollow of a bare shoulder. Ripping aside the pajama top, his fingers closed about a jutting breast.

"So's your old man!" he panted.

FIFI SLID OUT of Wally's arms an hour later and leaned back against the soft pillows at the head of the sofa. Never in all her life had she even dreamed remotely that such bliss, such heady intoxication existed. It was as though she had imbibed glass after glass of sherry, and now was dizzy from the effects. Looking down she noticed that her pajama top—the gift from Jeanette—was in shreds, and that both breasts and a goodly portion of flat waist was visible. Hastily, Fifi covered her nudity. Wally sat erect.

"Too late now, baby," he murmured. "Tsk! Tsk! It's a crime to leave you here alone! A gorgeous creature like you should never be left alone!" He slapped his thigh. "Say, I've got it! Let's make a night of it, huh! Let's go out and paint Paree red, white and blue, huh? Have you got a dress, or do you always wear pajamas?"

Fifi blushed. "Of course I have zee dress, but I cannot go out. My sister—"

Wally silenced her with a kiss. "A pox on your sister, my merry maid. You're going with me tonight if I have to drag you!"

Twenty minutes later, Wally helped Fifi into a cab. "Yes, I promise to get you back by midnight," he said, folding her in his arms. "And if I find out that you don't own a sister, it'll be just too bad!"

Fifi looked up. "Where are we going?" she queried timorously. Somehow she was afraid of the entire arrangement. Supposing something went wrong? Supposing she didn't get back before Jeanette? Supposing—? Fifi

(Please turn to page 60)

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(Continued from page 9)

"Monsieur Barton has never been to Páree before?" she queried.

Barton shook his head. "No," he said, "not for any length of time. During the war I spent five days here but I don't remember what happened."

"Oui, oui," she giggled, "I understand. It was very—what you call him—hectic—at that time, *n'est-ce-pas?*" Her eyes twinkled devilishly. "I was only a leetle girl at the time, but *maman* she tell me of the big, strong American soldiers and of how they could make love! *Merci!*"

Both men laughed. "Colette lives in the *Latin Quartier* of the city, Jim," Paul said, "and she might be able to show you around if you care to go."

Barton turned to the girl. "Gladly," he said, "would you?"

She shook her head affirmatively. "It will be one grand pleasure."

"How about tonight?" he queried. "We can have dinner and then you can escort me to the *Quartier*. Is it a date?"

She nodded assent. "But, I must go home and dress, Monsieur. Shall we meet at Pierre's in one hour?"

"Where is *Pierre's*?"

Paul came to the rescue. "It's on the Rue Maison, a famous chop house. I'll tell you how to get there." He turned to Colette. "All right, dear, Monsieur Barton will be at *Pierre's* in one hour. Do not fail to meet him."

With an excited "Non, Non," she smiled disarmingly and was gone.

Paul turned to his guest. "Well?"

"She's a dream!" the older man enthused, "a perfect dream." He clasped an imaginary figure in his arms. "Ohhh," he moaned, "those thighs . . . those hips . . . those breasts! What a baby!"

Quickly he changed into dinner clothes, being very careful to empty his refilled wallet of all but fifty dollars. It was all right to rave about fleshy contours, but one should be able to get a lot of women for fifty dollars in American money, he thought.

As he was putting the finishing touches to an exacting toilet, Paul entered the room.

"Now listen, Jim," he warned, "be very careful to whom you talk and how you talk to them, because the French think all Americans are easy marks just waiting to be taken. Don't get into any brawls, and if you do bump into some Apache cut-throat, ignore whatever he says or does. You probably won't

be back until sometime tomorrow," he smiled, wryly, "or I don't know Colette!"

THEY MET IN FRONT of the restaurant at the appointed time. Colette was ravishingly beautiful in a daringly cut gown of bright, red satin. It clung to her figure as though she had been poured into it, with evidently no undergarment between the dress and her bare flesh. The bodice, composed of layers of very fine net, was just low enough to reveal the upper curve of her bosom, white as snow.

As they sat in the dining room, Barton never tired of picturing her as he had first seen her, nude and unadorned. Speaking to him in her quaint French-English patois, excitedly and wilfully, with all the fervor of her race, she told him of her life as a model; her breasts rising and falling as she narrated breathlessly all of her many experiences. It was not until later in the evening, when they had made the rounds of cafes, night-clubs and gaming houses, finally landing in an underground den, the like of which Barton had never seen before, deep in the heart of the *Latin Quartier*, that they really became chummy.

The cafe room was crowded with men and women of all types and ages, some of whom occupied the tables in the center of the floor and others, more fortunate or probably more wealthy, seeking the comparative privacy of tiny curtained booths, lining three of the four walls. It was to one of these booths that Colette led her thoroughly enamoured escort, drawing the curtains when they had been seated. She seemed to be very much at home in the place, ordering drinks lavishly and chiding the garcon on his service.

Along about his fourth drink, or it may have been his fifth or sixth, he wasn't sure, he, too, became acclimated to the *bonhomie* of the place, its noise, odors and informalities. Colette was sitting on his lap now, her plump hips nestling toward him. With one hand he emptied and refilled his whisky glass, monotonously; with the other . . . More than just slightly tipsy, he had become talkative.

"You know . . . you know," he said, haltingly, "I think you're the nicest girl I . . . I . . . ever met." His hand slid along the curve of her thigh, caressingly.

"You know . . . you know," she mimicked his stumbling speech, "Colette thinks her American is *tres chic, le bon vivant!*"

He raised his glass in toast but before he could bring it to his lips, her lips intervened as half-parted they closed over his own in a

(Please turn to page 62)

COCKTAILS AT FOUR

By Mildred Crawford

(Conclusion)

Lily had reached for the rose that she had thrown on the table, and while she listened dreamily to Anna's flow of fervid words, its petals were brushing her lips and her nostrils quivered to the deliciousness of its perfume.

"Ah, I can imagine that would be divine!" murmured Lily, as Anna paused for breath. "But where does one find that sort of love?"

"It is rare, *mam'selle*, very rare!" whispered Anna. "And when it is offered, one should never ignore the gift."

"I shall not!" smiled Lily, adding: "When . . . it . . . is . . . offered!" Her voice was throbbingly significant of a soul that pined for the love so fervently described by the little maid.

"It should come quickly to *mam'selle*!"

A strange thrill surged within Lily De Lys as she gave herself up to the dream of love that Anna hinted should "come quickly." . . . A heart that had never known the delights of a passionate response to a lover's caresses now fluttered in her bosom. . . . Her breasts heaved restlessly with the tumult of unaccustomed emotion. . . . She closed her eyes, burying the tip of her delicate nose in the center of the rose that lingered on her lips, as Anna continued:

"*Mam'selle* should not waste the flower of her glorious youth! . . . You are more beautiful than the rose you are holding in your hand. . . . Your own fragrance is more haunting than an entire garden of such blooms. . . . Ah, *mam'selle*, watch for the dawn of love!"

Lily's eyes opened happily. . . . Anna, aroused by the vehemence of her own enthusiasm, was breathing heavily, and the rise and fall of her lush breasts, now almost bare, threatened to split the thinness of her bodice under the stress of emotional excitement.

"I shall tell you a secret, *ma chérie*!" whispered Lily. "I am not devoid of amorous feeling. . . . I have waited expectantly for true love, but it has not yet been offered to me."

Anna smiled. "Cupid is even now aiming his arrow at your heart, *mam'selle*!"

Lily glanced downward. . . . Her negligee had slipped from her shoulders, and

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the glory of her torso gleamed in pink tints, blue veins and white skin, surmounted by the ruby-red nipples that formed the turrets of her breasts.

"Cupid has an easy target!" she laughed.

"He has already buried his arrow, *mam'selle!*" Anna joined in the laughter. "Cannot you feel its burning sting?"

Lily sighed.

"There is a card over there on the table!" Anna went on. "This afternoon at four you could have an opportunity to make your dream of true love come true!"

Lily smiled wanly. "But you know, *ma chérie*, that I never entertain gentlemen with cocktails at four!"

"Nor any other time!" laughed Anna. "*Ne c'est pas?*"

Lily nodded.

"Your first cocktail at four should be enjoyed with a gentleman like *monsieur l'Américain!*" Anna's eyes were sparkling triumphantly. "And, forever after, you should repeat the performance at the same hour with the same gentleman!"

"You mean . . ." Lily hesitated.

Anna's turn came to nod her head emphatically. "*Monsieur* is going to propose marriage, *ma charmante!* . . . He is a very wealthy man! . . . He can give you everything that your heart might desire, including the most perfect gift of all . . . *true love!*"

Lily sighed again, shutting her eyes. Then she whispered:

"Can it be that my soul is awakening to love at last?"

The ecstatic pain in her heart caused her to place the palm of her hand over the spot where that organ was fluttering like a bird seeking to be freed from a cage. . . . Her fingers encountered that luscious breast poised just above, and for the first time in her love-starved life she experienced the thrill of a hardening nipple responding to the urge of a soul that was aching with pent-up passion.

"*Oui, oui, oui!*" murmured Anna. "Once in a lifetime a love like the adoration of *monsieur l'Américain* comes! . . . It is yours! . . . Open your heart to it, most beautiful one, and bask in its glow!"

Lily squirmed restlessly on the *chaise*.

"You are sure . . . that he will . . . offer marriage?" she said.

"He would offer nothing else!" Anna assured her. "*Monsieur* is not the man to desire to take the bloom from a flower

like you, and then cast the broken blossom aside. . . . You will be the only orchid in his garden of love, to be treasured and nurtured and worshipped forever more!"

Lily's eyelids were still shut. . . . Her fingers were still undulating in the resilient fullness of her breast!

Anna knew when to speak and when to remain silent. . . . Her experience in the field of love was all-embracing. . . . The seed of romance had been expertly planted in the heart of Lily DeLys. . . . Let it attain the fullness of fruition, cultivated only by her mistress's imagination!

She leaned back against the wall of the boudoir, watching. . . . And her own fingers unloosed the trio of buttons that held her voluptuously full breasts from bursting free of her bodice!

Instantly, twin mounds of extraordinary firmness came into view, with berry tips jutting from bleeding circles of crimson!

"Love!" thought Anna, as her little hands became lost in the softness that had been released from captivity. "Mam'selle Lily DeLys will soon know what it means!"

Lily was stirring fitfully. She whispered:

"Anna, ma chérie! . . . You may telephone to Monsieur l'Americain . . . and tell him he may come . . . for his cocktail . . . at four!"

"Oui, mam'selle!" replied Anna, tripping from the boudoir!

IN THE FOYER, Anna smiled broadly as she lifted the telephone. . . . One hand was occupied thus, the other was completely engrossed in the swelling beauties of her own bosom.

"After notifying Monsieur l'Americain, I shall telephone to my own Francois! . . . Darling boy! . . . We shall celebrate!"

It was really nobody's business that Roy Cooper had promised Anna another bank-note ten times as large if Lily DeLys could be persuaded to consent to a cocktail at four!

(Continued from page 15)

Anton smiled. "I have decided not to apply for that transfer back to France! I am beginning to like it here, too!"

Juliet didn't reply. . . . Her heart was singing. . . . She glued her lips to Anton's mouth!

Inside the bungalow, the voice of Venita could be heard, crooning a love song!

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(Continued from page 54)

straightened out the folds of one of Jeanette's best evening gowns. It was a trifle big around the hips but otherwise fitted perfectly.

Wally kissed her lightly. "Oh, we'll drop in at the *Chat Noir*," he said. "Nice crowd, dim lights and cozy, secluded booths. Oh yes," he added, "and rooms upstairs for them as requires 'em!"

Fifi glowed all over and cuddled close. It was just like a fairy story written by Casanova. It was too good to be true.

IN AN EXOTICALLY decorated booth at the *Chat Noir*, Wally faced Fifi across a damask-covered table, holding her slim white hand in his and looking into the limpid blue sea of her eyes.

"You're beautiful, gorgeous," he whispered, "and what is more, you're gorgeous, beautiful!" Underneath the table, his other hand rested on her dimpled knee and slowly crept upwards.

Fifi looked about her and thrilled to the soft music, dull lights and subdued, passionate atmosphere of the place. This was life! This was living! Her breasts rose and fell rhythmically.

Wally squeezed her hand. "Watcha thinking 'bout, sweet?"

Fifi smiled. "About everything, Monsieur Wally. It is all so wonderful!"

He shook his head, puzzled. "Haven't you been around, baby?" he queried.

Fifi sighed. "Non. My sister—"

"Oops! There it goes again! Listen, delightful, one more word about your sister and—and—"

Fifi smiled. "And what, *mon ami*?"

"I'll kiss you!"

Fifi's lips spread in a grin. "My sister—," she began.

Suddenly her features froze in a horrified stare. Her hand, held in Wally's, grew cold and clammy. Her eyes, petrified, stared into the booth directly across the floor.

"My—my sister!" she gasped, pulling away and striving to hide behind the drape. But it was too late. Jeanette, lifting her lips to kiss her aged companion, caught sight of Fifi across the room. In a flash she had broken free from a clumsily drunken embrace, casting a veined hand off her practically bare breast. In another moment she was standing before Fifi's booth, venom shooting from her eyes.

"Fifi!" she screamed, conscious only that her sister—her baby sister—was sitting in a darkened booth at the *Chat Noir* in an even-

ing dress whose low-cut bodice revealed the curve of her breasts! And—and sitting with a man—an American! And—and—!

"Fifi!" she screamed again.

Wally stood up. "May I request the reason for this intrusion, Madam?" he inquired.

Jeanette's lips quivered. "Pig! Swine! Dog!" she stormed.

Wally blinked. "Er—er—" he stammered.

Fifi's hands shook as though with palsy.

"My—my sister," she whispered.

Wally smiled. "Oh, so *this* is your sister!"

His eyes peered into the aperture between Jeanette's breasts. "Not bad! Not bad!"

"How do you explain this?" Jeanette demanded.

Wally waved his hand. "The explanation is easy, and if it were not for the fact that you are fearfully evil-minded, you might see it clearly. Your sister and I," he announced pompously, "are going to be married!"

"Married?" Jeanette gasped.

"Married?" Fifi echoed.

Wally nodded. "Yes, married! And as for you, Missus Evil Minded, go back to your gray-haired libertine and let young love take its course!"

Jeanette fainted in the arms of a convenient waiter as Wally leaned over the table and kissed Fifi.

"And that's that!" he said.

Fifi hugged him. "Evil minded," she whispered softly, conscious of a new womanhood.

A DIET OF LOVE

By Grace Holmes

(Conclusion)

"Pasquale!" she said, in a trembling voice, when he answered her ring. "This is *Madame* Autrix!"

"*Oui, madame!*" he replied.

"The shutter on one of my windows broke this morning. . . . You will be good enough to send Francoise to mend it?"

"*Oui, madame!*" he repeated, laconically.

"Immediately, please!"

"*Oui, madame!*" It seemed that was all that he could say. It was his monotonous answer to every tenant's demand. He thought that it saved a great deal of unnecessary conversation!

Violette hung up the telephone receiver, retraced her steps into the bedroom, approached a window and deliberately yanked a shutter out of place!

She didn't break it. . . . It was simply displaced, sufficiently to lead her to the

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As she heard him stir, she turned, the negligee parting in front and revealing to his frenzied gaze twin mounds of rounded beauty, pink-tipped and inviting. He held out his arms and she came to him there, stretching her lithe form against his, her breath coming in short, panting gasps.

His hand stole beneath the robe and as it found contact with her naked flesh, she stiffened, only to relax as he became bolder in his caresses.

"Darling, I love you," he whispered, softly. She arched her back, straining closer to him. It was reply enough, and softly he slipped the negligee from her body.

With one hand he reached up and pulled the light cord, and with the other—!

PAUL IS PROBABLY still in Paris! Paris, where Passion is Peer!

(Continued from page 2)

Dear Editor:

My sister and I, constant readers of your wonderful publications, have just returned from long trips. Before leaving six months ago we had each of us had some very interesting and thrilling correspondence with some of your readers and we are now most eager to renew our mail friendships and to make new ones, too.

We have had some worthwhile experiences these last six months and our old friends know that we will not keep anything from them. We will be just as frank with anyone else who may wish to correspond with us, provided they be just as frank from the very first letter. My sister is equally anxious to hear again from Betsy, while I am anxious to hear from Jim and Harry. So come on, boys and girls, we each of us want to hear from you and we'll promise a rousing good time in return.

Marcella and Marc Gany.
General Delivery, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Boy, oh boy, I read my first book of *La Paree* and boy I sure did enjoy it very much. I got it through a friend of mine. And I notice that no girls write



LATE?

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56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69
58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71
60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73
62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74
63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75
64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76
65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77
66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78
67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79
68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81
70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
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73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85
74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86
75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87
76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88
77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89
78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91
80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92
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82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94
83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95
84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97
86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98
87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99
88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

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I'd like to have fellows and girls write to me. I promise faithfully to answer every letter and exchange snapshots if desired. So come on boys, I'd like to hear from you and also you girls. Please Editor, don't send my letter to the waste basket, I'm hungry for *Pen Pals*. Oh, yes, I'm nineteen years old, five feet four inches, dark brown eyes and brown hair.

Yours truly,

Rosa P.

Dear Editor:

I am a steady reader of your magazine and would like you to know that your magazine is considered the best seller at our newsstand aboard ship. I always buy mine early before they are sold out of "*La Paree*."

My life being rather a lonesome one aboard ship causes me to write letters a great deal, and I am sure some of the fairer sex might find time to drop me a line. If you would insert this letter in your *Tete-a-tete* column, I assure them an answer.

Very truly yours,

Everett Tadlock.

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